

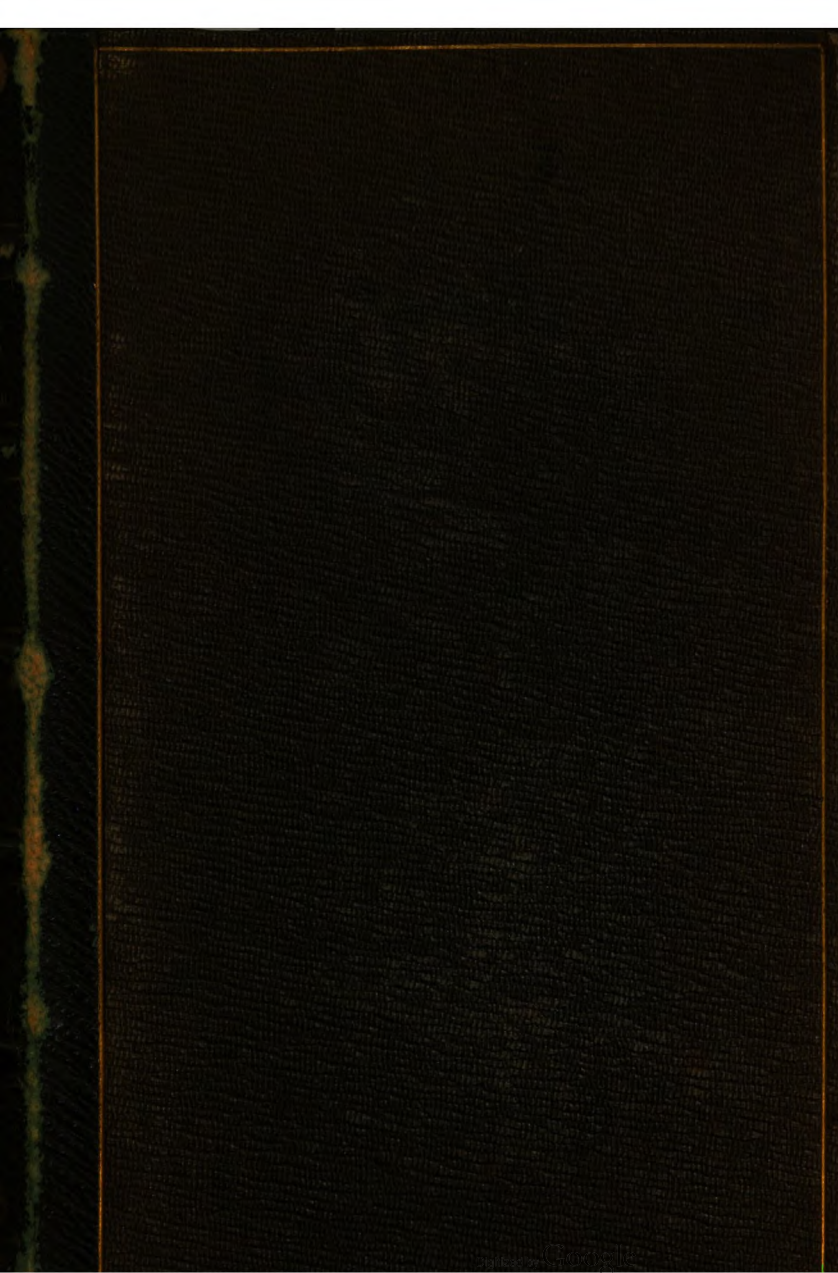
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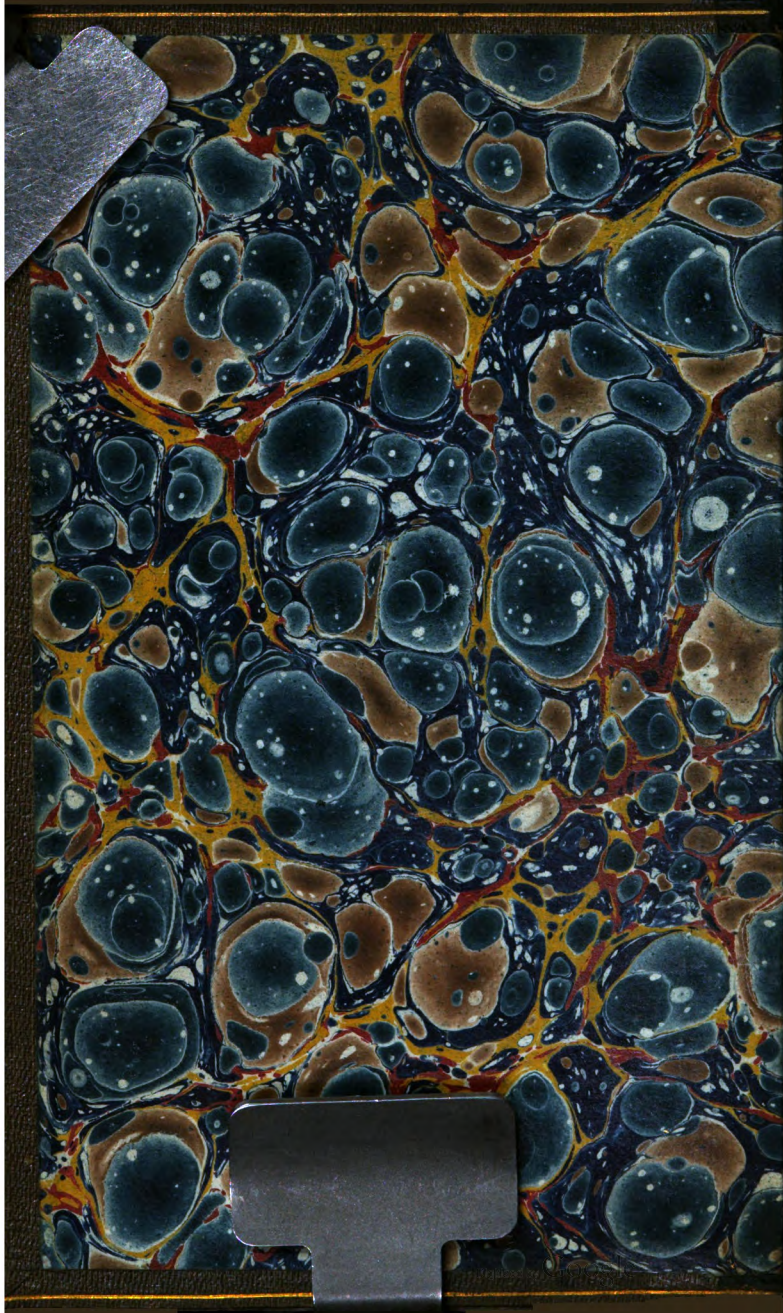
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**SHORT SERIES OF LECTURES**

**ON THE**

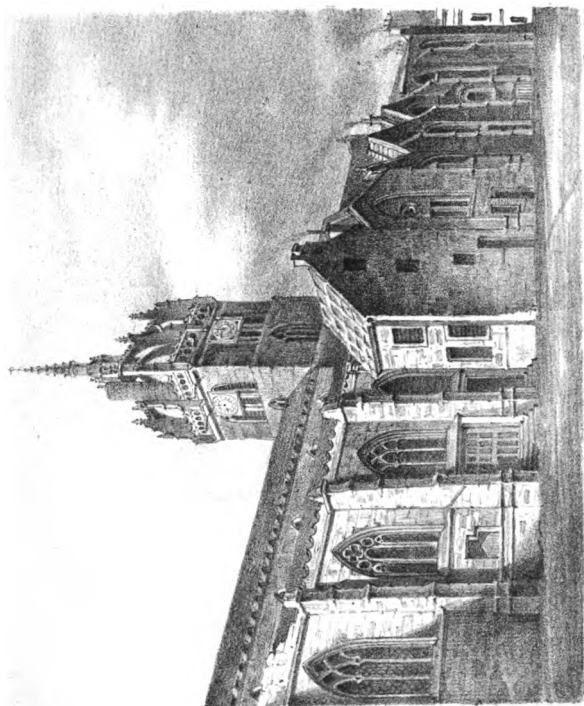
**PAROCHIAL AND COLLEGIATE**

**ANTIQUITIES OF EDINBURGH.**



**EDINBURGH :**  
**PRINTED BY R. TOFTS, CARRUBBER'S CLOSE.**





*By a Member of the Holy Guild.*

*F. Schenck, Lith. Edin.*

## † The collegiate church of S. Giles.

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A

SHORT SERIES OF LECTURES  
ON THE  
PAROCHIAL AND COLLEGIATE  
ANTIQUITIES OF EDINBURGH;  
READ TO THE  
HOLY GILD OF S. JOSEPH,  
BY A MEMBER OF THE GILD.

With permission of Superiors.

EDINBURGH:  
J. MARSHALL, 18, SOUTH COLLEGE STREET.  
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## THE PROLOGUE.

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PERHAPS the best apology for the appearance of these Lectures, which I can offer, is to relate the circumstances which led to the idea of preparing them. During the course of last summer, the Council of the Holy Gild of S. Joseph appointed weekly readings to take place in their Hall, for the benefit of the younger members of the Gild, and generally of all persons who were willing to be present. The Warden of the Holy Gild, and others, who interested themselves in the moral and intellectual improvement of youth, undertook in rotation to read aloud some book of general interest, chiefly historical or biographical, on an evening in the week. During the temporary absence of some of these, it came to my turn to provide a subject of interesting reading, and I ventured to invite attention to the numerous remains of Catholic Antiquity in this city, which have survived three hundred years



of desolation. Short time was allowed for preparation, and these Lectures were written from week to week, in the intervals between each reading. Hence I fear that some inaccuracies may have been unavoidable, for which the kind indulgence of the reader is besought. The Lectures pretend to no originality, or deep research into the subject of the Antiquities of Edinburgh. Their aim is rather to take advantage of the materials which lie on the surface, and are obvious to ordinary attention and observation ; and from these to derive useful lessons, without affecting minute detail. I may add that they would never have been put into this permanent form, but for the request of several persons, who were interested in the subject, and wished to have some notes of its leading details.

J. A. S.

*Allhallowmas*, 1845. }  
35, ALVA STREET. }

# LECTURES

ON THE

## ANTIQUITIES OF EDINBURGH.

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### LECTURE I.

✠ DEAR BRETHREN OF THE HOLY GILD;—We are told, that when a certain person was once urged by his friends to remember what he owed to Posterity, he answered sharply,—Posterity ! I owe nothing to Posterity !—what has Posterity done for me ? This sounds very absurd reasoning, and yet it is a mistaken conclusion which many people are apt to come to, either from want of thought, or from a wrong way of thinking about it. It is a great error to suppose that we owe nothing to Posterity, even though it is quite true that it can have done nothing for us. We may contrive to forget it ; but it is a very serious debt, being no

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less than the manifold obligations which we are under to Antiquity. The blessings which we inherit from former times have come down to us, burdened with the responsibility of handing them on undiminished to those who come after us ; for privileges are never unattended by a train of corresponding duties and obligations. By Antiquity I mean our Catholic forefathers, who received from those who went before them the One Faith, and all the precious gifts with which it endowed them, and who bequeathed to their descendants what they had inherited, enriched by their own diligence and foresight. And by Posterity I mean the generations now unborn, which will hereafter arise, and will look back to us for the faithful transmission of all that we now hold in trust for them.

In order, then, that we may know our responsibilities to Posterity, it is necessary that we remind ourselves of what we owe to Antiquity. And surely there is no one so foolishly in love with his own times, however superior to any former ages they may seem, as to imagine that all their light and intelligence could have availed any thing, if many many centuries of energy and slowly accumulated wisdom had not gone before them. As well might the man of mature years and experience disown the days of his boyhood and

youth ; they may afford him, indeed, little to look back on with self-esteem, but yet they make a part inseparable from the whole existence of the perfect man. I trust, indeed, that you are ready to take a juster view of Christian Antiquity, than that which regards it as merely the humble under-building of the great temple which modern society has reared for the worship of itself, in which the praises of its own supremacy and perfection are unceasingly celebrated by blind and infatuated devotees. A far higher estimate of the past becomes us, who have inherited so much richer gifts from it than many others around us, far worthier than we are of a boon so priceless. And here the field of contemplation which is opened to us is altogether boundless. For what is there which we value in learning and knowledge, in arts and sciences, in religion and our civil institutions, which we do not owe to the earnest, indefatigable men who lived long ago, and whom we are too ready to forget in the stir and turmoil of these busy times? Think of their laborious pains in copying and preserving books, and organizing schools of learning, but for which the boasted art of printing itself would have had little to exercise itself upon. In architecture, painting, sculpture, and music, and other kindred sciences, they at least paved the way for

our success, even if they did not, as many think, far surpass us. Consider our privileges as citizens of a free country; these were not always the birthright of Scotsmen; in old times most of us would have been serfs or bondsmen, the private property of a feudal master. They were won for us by the long endurance, and courage, and noble thirst for justice, which animated men whose names are now forgotten. Think again of all the wise laws under whose protection we now live in peace, and independent of brute force, as we could not have been in an earlier stage of society. And when I name religion, the remembrance of all that has been accomplished for us by our predecessors in the faith is overpowering. Only reflect on the chequered history of the Church since the age of the Apostles. What contradiction of sinners it has had to endure, what a terrible array of human power, and prejudice, and passions, it has confronted! Even after the first wild storm of persecution had passed over it, and when the crown had been surmounted by the cross on the brow of Constantine, what dangers still remained, in schism, and heresy, at one time bold, and at another time insidious and wide-spreading. Then a chilling indifference came over men's hearts, and the flame of Divine love burned low and fitfully.

With the feudal oppressors of mankind, too, a long and deadly struggle had to be maintained. And in later times, all the accumulated dangers of every preceding period assailed the Church at once. A fierce persecution, unparalleled since the age of the catacombs; a heresy, rampant and insidious beyond the daring sophistry of Arianism itself; and withal a cold formalism, freezing the very life-blood of religion. God has brought His Church through all these terrible trials, and kept it from error and defection: and yet He used human instruments; for when we say that the Church in any age conquered, we mean that the Christian men and women and children then living, through the supernatural aid of Heaven, were more than a match for their enemies. But how did they conquer? In no other way than that by which their Divine Leader went before them, the way of suffering and death. Reflect on the blood of the martyrs, that flowed like water all over the Roman world; on the living death, in exile and imprisonment, of the confessors; on the patient constancy of the doctors, in tracking, with unerring instinct and sagacity, the mazes of error, and fencing round the Deposit of Faith with creeds and dogmatic forms; on the sublime devotion and purity of the holy virgins.

How did the monasteries of the middle ages keep alive at once the flame of learning and divine love, at all times so hard to support together, but then most liable to perish in the surrounding barbarism ! What lavish profusion in rearing churches, and hospitals, and cells for mortified seclusion, in every corner of Christendom ! And to think that all this has been going on without the cessation of a day for 1800 years ; that upwards of sixty generations of men have watched, and laboured, and worn their strength out for us, that we might possess an uncorrupted Christian doctrine, and the support of Divine sacraments, and all that is implied in the mysterious communion of heaven with earth in the Christian Church ; it is indeed a theme for grateful admiration. And this is our debt to Antiquity.

But we may satisfy ourselves that it is no light one, without taking so wide a view of the history of Christianity. If we only turn our eyes to our own country, wasted as it has been by the hand of rude fanaticism, and shorn of its ancient splendour, we shall find enough to remind us how nobly our ancestors discharged their obligations to their Posterity ; alas ! that it should have so shamefully abused their generous munificence. To take only one example—the ecclesiastical and

religious institutions of Scotland—let us attend to the testimony of a writer who cannot be suspected of prejudice in favour of the Catholic Church. Mr Tytler, in his *History of Scotland*, remarks,—

“To one casting his eye over Scotland, as it existed during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the numerous religious establishments, the cathedrals, convents, monasteries, and episcopal palaces, must have formed another striking feature in the external aspect of the country. Situated always in the richest, and not unfrequently in the most picturesque spots, and built in that imposing style of Gothic architecture which is one of the greatest triumphs of the middle ages, these noble structures reared their holy spires and antique towers in almost every district through which you travelled; and your approach to them could commonly be traced by the high agricultural improvements which they spread around them. The woods, enclosed and protected, were of loftier growth; the meadows and corn-fields richer and better cultivated; the population inhabiting the church lands, more active, thriving, and industrious than in the lands belonging to the crown or to the feudal nobility.

“To give any correct idea of the number or the opulence of the various episcopal and



conventual establishments which were to be found in Scotland at this remote era, would require a more lengthened discussion than our present limits will allow. Besides the bishoprics, with their cathedral churches, their episcopal palaces, and the residences of the minor clergy which were attached to them, our early monarchs and higher nobility encouraged those various orders of regular and secular churchmen which then abounded in Europe. The Canons Regular of St Augustine, who were invited into Scotland by Alexander I., and highly favoured by David, had not less than twenty-eight monasteries; the Cisterians or Bernardine monks, who were also very warmly patronised by David, possessed thirteen, and the Dominican or Black friars, fifteen monasteries, in various parts of the country. Although these orders were the most frequent, yet numerous other divisions of canons, monks, and friars, obtained an early settlement in Scotland, and erected for themselves, in many places, those noble abbacies, priories, or convents, whose ruins at the present day are so full of picturesque beauty and interesting associations. The Red friars, an order originally instituted for the redemption of Christian slaves from the Infidels, possessed eight monasteries; the Premonstratensian monks, who

boasted that the rule which they followed was delivered to them in a vision by St Augustine, written in golden letters, were highly favoured by David I., Alexander II., and Fergus, Lord of Galloway. The Tyronensian and Clunacensian monks, the Templars, the Franciscans, and the Carmelites, had all of them establishments in Scotland; whilst the Augustinian, the Benedictine, and the Cistercian nuns, were also possessed of numerous rich and noble convents; which, along with the hospitals, erected by the charity of the Catholic Church for the entertainment of pilgrims and strangers, and the cure and support of the sick and infirm, complete the catalogue of the religious establishments of Scotland during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.”\*

And in our own city we are surrounded by the remains of churches, and monasteries, and hospitals, little as we may be in the habit of thinking about them, owing to our familiarity with some of them, and the total destruction of every vestige of others. Catholicity is even here so deeply stamped upon the national history, that three centuries of alienation have not sufficed to efface all trace of the mark of the Cross. Not

\* History of Scotland; ii. 211.

only in the habits of the people are there still lingering remains of Catholic manners, but the very names of our streets recall some institution of religion or of mercy. S. Giles' and S. Cuthbert's churches, and the abbey of the Holy Rood, and S. Anthony's chapel, and Trinity hospital, and S. Mary's and the Blackfriars' wynds, and the Greyfriars' churchyard, tell a tale which it needs no extraordinary knowledge or attention to understand; claiming affinity with an order of things far different from the present. It is with no feeling of idle romance that I remind you of these things, still less with any wish to create a taste for dry, lifeless antiquarianism. I am only anxious that you should sometimes remember that you live in a country which was once wholly and devotedly Catholic; that you are the descendants of Catholics, who embodied in visible and enduring forms the Faith which they believed; and that you owe them a debt which you can repay only by emulating their self-denial, and charity, and princely generosity. We need every such help as these recollections afford, to support us in our destitution of the visible aids to faith which Catholic lands supply. The meek brethren of the cowl, moving with downcast eyes along the crowded streets, and the sisters of charity hastening on some errand of mercy, and the solemn

splendour of processions, and the never-ending sound of the joyous bells, and the hallowed light of churches ever open, and the wayside cross, and the bright welcome of happy innocent countenances—these are some of the refreshing sounds and sights which buoy the spirit up in its daily conflict, when a whole people owns the sway of Christ's Vicar. But for us there are other aids, and some of these are found among the monuments of Catholic piety around us. "It is a Christian's characteristic," says a great writer of this day, "to look back on former times. The man of this world lives in the present, or speculates about the future; but faith rests upon the past, and is content. It makes the past the mirror of the future. . . . A person who cultivates this thought, finds therein, through God's mercy, great comfort. Say he is alone, his faith counted a dream, and his efforts to do good a folly, what then? He knows there have been times when his opinions were those of the revered and influential; and the opinions now in repute only not reprobated because they were not heard of. He knows that present opinions are the accident of the day, and that they will fall as they have arisen. They will surely fall, even though at a distant date! He labours for that time, he labours for 500 years to come;

he can bear in faith to wait for 500 years, to wait for an era long long after he has mouldered into dust. The Apostles lived 1800 years since; and so far as the Christian looks back, so far can he afford to look forward. There is one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, from first to last." \*

Ascending first the rocky "height where the huge castle holds its state," let us recall some of the passages of its history which make its old grey walls doubly venerable. It would lead us far from our theme, if I were to relate to you all the varied and stirring events of which it has been the scene, since it was called the Maydyn Castle, in the language of the ancient Gadeni, who probably first made it a place of strength. In the course of years, its original name was changed into the English Maiden Castle, or the Castle of the Maidens, and hence called in Latin *Castrum* or *Castellum Puellarum*.† This name is found in use as lately as the reign of Alexander III., towards the end of the 13th century. From the castle, the name passed to the town which by degrees gathered round it. The Saxon name of Edwinsburgh, or the burgh of Edwin, is due to

\* Mr NEWMAN'S Parochial Sermons; Vol. iii. Sermon 17.

† CHALMERS' Caledonia; ii. 555.

its having been taken possession of, and probably fortified anew by Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumberland, more than 1200 years ago.\* The ancient province of Northumbria extended from the Forth to the Humber, and the soil of Mid-Lothian was then included in the territory of Edwin. And here I might unfold a tale of surpassing interest, were I to tell you of Paulinus,† the companion of S. Augustin of Canterbury, and the first archbishop of York, who attended queen Edelberga, as her confessor, to the court of the pagan king Edwin; for only on this condition would she espouse the Northumbrian prince, being herself a Christian. In 627, this holy man had the inexpressible joy of receiving the king into the Church by the sacrament of baptism, together with a vast multitude of his people. He was afterwards translated to the see of Rochester, where his body now rests. The same Edwin it was who fortified the castle as a protection against the savage tribes who threatened his kingdom on the North, and gave his name to it, which has been perpetuated in the surrounding city. Dun Edin, as it is sometimes

\* Caledonia; ii. 557.

† See BUTLER's *Lives of the Saints*; Oct. 4 and 10.

called, is only another or Gaelic form of the same name. Edwin survived his conversion six years, and was honoured with the crown of martyrdom in 633. He bears the title of Saint and Martyr in all the English kalendars.

And now I shall ask you to carry yourselves back in fancy to the 11th century, and to portray to your imagination the stern array of a feudal castle, with its moat wide and deep, its draw-bridge and portcullis of massive iron, its frowning gateway, and its huge walls pierced with narrow loopholes for the arrow and the dart. We may borrow the description which our own Last Minstrel has sung of a similar place of strength :—

“ The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loophole grate where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seem'd forms of giant height.

Their armour, as it caught the rays,  
Flash'd back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.

“ St Andrew's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray,  
Less bright and less was flung ;

The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the donjon tower,  
    So heavily it hung.  
The scouts had parted on their search,  
    The castle gates were barred ; ~  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
    The warder kept his guard :  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Scottish gathering song." \*

It is the middle of the dreary month of November, in the year 1093, and the king of Scotland is far away on the English borders, laying siege to the castle of Alnwick. Let us enter one of the chambers on the east side of the quadrangle through which you now pass to visit the crown jewels, for there was the ancient palace of the castle. The southern side contained the hall where, in later times, the parliament used to meet, and on the north side was a spacious church.† The room is furnished in the royal fashion of the time, but, to our eyes, less comfortably than many a peasant's cottage. A gentle lady is reclining on a poor couch, worn with long

\* Marmion ; i. 1, 2.

† It is hardly necessary to say that the present buildings are not older than the year 1566. This date, with Queen Mary's cypher, is marked on the doorway leading from the quadrangle into the room where James VI. was born.



sickness, and very near her end. Strange contrast is there between the rude men who keep guard on the castle walls, and whose heavy tread re-echoes through the long stone passages, and that pale wasted form. And yet when one of them, in his rough language, speaks of his patient suffering mistress to his fellow, perchance a tear starts to his eye. For when health and beauty were hers, she devoted her time and strength to serve the poor uncultivated people whom God had committed to her care; she fed them with her own hands, and smoothed their pillow in sickness; and, what was still harder to do, she softened the barbarous and iron rule of their feudal lords. No wonder, then, that they regard her as an angel guardian among them. And now they feel a mysterious grace shed around all that she does and says, and they are not without presentiment that she is already on the confines of the heavenly world, and is soon to be united to her mates in the house of peace. Though she lived so long ago, we know a great deal about this saintly lady. The memory of her deeds of charity is still fresh in the Catholic Church, and is not wholly forgotten in this land. She is celebrated in the Roman Martyrology\* for her great

\* June 10.

love to the poor, and her voluntary poverty. You have discovered, I dare say, ere this, that I am describing S. Margaret, once the holy Queen of Scotland, and now its blessed Patroness. It will not be time misspent to dwell a little longer on the recollections of her life, and its peaceful close. I know, indeed, that for many of you there are dearer and more cherished names in the Church's kalendar, whom the venerable traditions of our sister island have enshrined in the inmost affections of her people. But it is impossible that, on this account, you can be indifferent to the memory of even one of the least of the Saints, still less of one so renowned as S. Margaret. We are assured that earthly love, in its popular sense, has the power of opening the heart to appreciate beauty and goodness wherever it is to be found, without diminishing its loyalty to the chosen object of its regard; and a similar effect results from loving devotion to the Saints of God. Among these there is no rivalry but in love and humility; if they could desire any thing but to be as God wills, it would be to have the last and lowest room in His kingdom. And therefore, for their sakes, I am sure that S. Margaret is no stranger to your hearts, though your own blessed Patrick, and Columba, and Bridget, claim a larger share of your love, and you delight to place your children

under their patronage, and to commend yourselves to their prayers. And while the name of S. Margaret is very dear to us, the children of her adopted country, for she is our Patroness, we share your veneration for the glorious old Saints of Ireland; and we gladly acknowledge, that among all the countries of the West, yours stood pre-eminent for the fruits of justice, and was long distinguished by the honourable name of the Isle of Saints.

S. Margaret, the grand-niece of Edward, the saintly Confessor of England, was driven as an exile from her native country, on the usurpation of Harold; and, being wrecked on the Scottish coast, was hospitably received and entertained, with her retinue, by king Malcolm Kenmore, who had formerly, in his own exile, been treated with kindness at the court of England. Malcolm, as you know, was the son of Duncan, whom Macbeth treacherously murdered to obtain his crown. I cannot help thinking that Shakspeare, in the play of Macbeth, intended to allude to S. Margaret, though he speaks of her as the mother, instead of the wife, of Malcolm, in these lines which Macduff utters:—

“ The queen that bore thee,  
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived.”

*Act iv. Scene 3.*

In 1070, Malcolm espoused her for his queen, she being then twenty-four years old; and she was solemnly crowned at Dunfermline, where the royal palace then was. It was a happy day for Scotland that witnessed her elevation to the throne. A short summary of her virtues is recorded in the lessons of the Roman Breviary on her festival:—"Among the delights of a court she humbled her body by discipline and watchings, spending great part of the night in devout prayer; and, besides the other fast-days which she kept in addition, observing the abstinence of Lent for forty days before the Lord's Nativity, and not even the most grievous sickness would make her forego it. Being entirely devoted to the Divine honour, she built from the foundation many churches and monasteries, and repaired many others, and endowed them with sacred vessels and large revenues. She allured the king her husband, by her most salutary example, to a better life, and to imitate her own holy practices, and trained up all her children so saintly and happily, that many of them embraced the most perfect state. In a word, she studied the welfare of her whole kingdom, and purified it from many vicious customs which had crept in secretly, and restored a moral code more worthy of Christian sanctity.

“ But nothing in her was so wonderful as her burning charity towards those around her, and especially the poor. To countless multitudes of these she not only abundantly supplied the means of life, but she daily fed three hundred of them with the tenderness of a mother, waiting upon them on her bended knees, like a handmaid; washing their feet with her own hands, and kissing them. For these, and other pious expenses, she not only parted with her own royal dresses and precious jewels, but she more than once drained the treasury. After enduring with miraculous patience the most bitter sufferings, and being purified by an illness of six months, she gave up her soul to God.”

William Rufus, who ascended the throne of England in 1087, attacked the castle of Alnwick, which belonged to Malcolm, and took possession of it. At the siege which followed, the king of Scotland was treacherously killed, and his eldest son Edward also fell. Their bodies were borne to Tynemouth, and thence to Dunfermline. Meanwhile, the holy queen Margaret was lying, as we have seen, in the castle of Edinburgh, dangerously ill. Her happy passage to eternal life I cannot forbear to relate in the words of a chronicler who lived at the time, and wrote his account from the lips of eyewitnesses. Let us

try, as we listen, to remember that it is a faithful history of what actually passed on a spot quite close to where we now are. This will enable us to form a truer idea of the singular and touching beauty of what we shall hear.

“ She was attacked with a sharper sickness than heretofore, and was consumed with the fire of prolonged illness before the day of her departure. Her decease, I will relate,”—it is still Theodoric who speaks,—“ as I learnt it from the priest who attended her, whom, above others, she loved for his simplicity, innocence, and purity; and, after the death of the queen, he gave himself up to the perpetual service of Christ for her soul, and taking the habit of a monk, at the tomb of the uncorrupted body of the most holy father Cuthbert, offered himself as a victim for her. He, then, was never separate from the queen in her last days; and, while her soul was departing from her body, he commended it to Christ in his prayers. It was thus that he used to tell me about her end, with many tears, as he had seen it happen in order, as often as I used to ask him.

“ For half a year and a little more, he would say, she was never able to ride on horseback, and rarely even to rise from her bed. On the fourth day before her decease, while the king was still

absent on his expedition, and owing to the great distance that separated him from her, no speed of a courier could inform him of what was happening to him on that day. She became sadder than usual, and said to us who were waiting upon her, ‘Perchance to-day there hath happened an evil to the kingdom of Scotland so great as hath not befallen it for a long time past.’ We, hearing it, took her words at the time without much attention; but after a day or two, when the courier arrived, we learnt that the king had been slain on the same day on which the queen had said this. And indeed she, as if foreseeing the future, had earnestly enjoined him not to go with the army; but, for what reason I know not, it happened that for that time he disregarded her advice.

“When, therefore, the fourth day after the king’s death had dawned, she, feeling her sickness a little abated, went into her oratory to hear mass, and there she strengthened herself for her departure, which was now near, by the most holy viaticum of the Body and Blood of our Lord. Though refreshed by their life-giving taste, she was soon after again oppressed with her former sufferings, and was laid on her bed; and her illness still increasing, she is more grievously distressed by it as her end was approaching. And

what shall I do? Why do I linger, as if I could longer put off the death of my ladye, and lengthen her life, so I am afraid to come to its last hour? But all flesh is grass, and all its glory as the flower of grass; the grass is withered, the flower hath faded. Her face had now grown pale and deathlike, when she called me, and others with me, ministers of the holy altar, to stand about her, and commend her soul in psalms to Christ. She also desired that the Black Cross, as it is called, should be brought to her, which she was ever wont to have in the highest veneration. [It is about an ell long, says Aelred, manufactured of pure gold, of most wonderful workmanship, and is shut and opened like a chest. Inside may be seen a portion of our Lord's Cross, (as has often been proved by convincing miracles,) having a figure of our Saviour, sculptured of massive ivory, and marvellously adorned with gold. Queen Margaret had brought this with her to Scotland, and handed it down as an heirloom to her sons; and the youngest of them, David, when he became king, built a magnificent temple for it near the city, called Holy-Rood.] But when the little chest in which it was enclosed could not be instantly opened, the queen, greatly sorrowing, said, 'O unhappy, sinful people that we



are, who do not deserve longer to behold the holy cross!’ Presently it was taken from its reliquary, and she received it in her hands with great reverence. She embraced it and kissed it, and often signed her eyes and her face with it. And already her whole body growing cold, the vital warmth still hovered around her heart; nevertheless, she was always praying; and, holding the cross in both hands before her eyes, she sang the 50th Psalm throughout.

“By and bye her son, who, after his father, now held the government of the kingdom, returning from the army, entered the chamber of the queen. What a strait was he in! What torture of mind! He stood there, hemmed in by adversity on every side; whither he should turn himself he knew not. For he came to tell his mother that his father, with his brother, had perished; and now the mother, whom he so dearly loved, he found just expiring: whom first to lament he knew not. The approaching departure of his most sweet mother pierced his heart with a keener grief, whom now he saw lying before his eyes almost dead. Over and above all these things, he was harassed by anxiety for the state of the kingdom, which he knew for certain would be disturbed by the death of his father. On every side sorrow and grief were gathered around him.

The queen, now lying in her agony, was thought to have passed, by all present ; but suddenly she rallied her strength, and spoke to her son. She asked him for his father and brother ; but he was unwilling to declare the truth, lest hearing of their death might bring on her own immediately ; so he answered that they were well. But she, sighing deeply, said, ‘ I know it, my son ; I know it. By this Holy Rood, by the nearness of our relationship, I adjure thee to tell me the truth that thou knowest.’ He being thus forced, declared the matter as it had happened. What would you think she would do ? Who would believe that, in so many trials, she would not murmur against God ? At the same time she had lost her husband and her son, and sickness had brought herself, through much suffering, to the eve of death. But in all these things she sinned not with her lips, nor spoke foolishly against God : but, on the contrary, turning her eyes and hands towards heaven, she broke forth into praise and thanksgiving, saying, ‘ I return thee lands and thanks, O Almighty God ! who hast willed that I should bear so great trials in my departure, and hast willed to purify me, as I hope, from some stains of sin, by bearing them.’

“ She now felt death drawing near : and imme-

diately she began the prayer which the priest is wont to say after receiving the Body and Blood of the Lord : \* ‘ O Lord Jesus Christ ! who, by the will of the Father, and co-operation of the Holy Ghost, hast given new life to the world by Thy death, deliver me.’ While she was saying *libera me*—deliver me—her soul was released from the bonds of the body, and departed to Christ, the author of true liberty, whom she had ever loved ; being made partaker of their joy whose virtuous examples she had followed. For with such tranquillity, with such composure did she pass, that it cannot be doubted that her soul has arrived at the country of eternal rest and peace. And what is wonderful, her face which, as is usual with the dying, had grown pale, after her death was suffused with a ruddy colour, mixed with white, so that she seemed not to be dead, but sleeping.

“ Her body was arrayed honourably as became a queen, and we bore it to the church of the Holy Trinity (in Dunfermline,) which she herself had built ; and there, as she had desired, we buried her opposite the altar and the venerable image of the Holy Rood, which she had erected there. And so her body now rests in that place where she was used to afflict it in watchings, and

\* It is said shortly before, according to the Roman Missal.

prayers, and many floods of tears, and genuflections.” \*

The day of her departure was the 16th of November 1093, in the 47th year of her age. She was canonized by Pope Innocent IV. in 1251; and in 1693, Innocent XII. removed her festival to the 10th of June, the day of a memorable translation of her relics. At the change of religion in this country, her body was privately conveyed to Spain for safety, and enshrined in a chapel in the palace of the Escorial at Madrid. Her head was long preserved as a precious relic in the Scots college at Douay, but I believe that all trace of it is now lost. In the castle of Edinburgh there was anciently a chapel which bore her name, to which King Robert II. made a grant of money in the 14th century.† It was perhaps built over the poor rude chamber where she laid down her weary body—an honour not unfrequently paid to the places where saints have lived and died. ‡

The history of S. Margaret has detained us long, but not, as I hope, without profit. The sweet and solemn phrase of the old chronicler has tempted us to linger within hearing of all he had to tell. And it is surely not unreasonable to

\* Acta SS. Boll. Junii, ii., 334.

† Caledonia; ii. 780. ‡ See BUTLER'S Lives; June 10.

think that the recollections of a death so holy are a treasure not less precious at least than even the relics of our national independence, which are now enshrined with so much pomp near the very spot where S. Margaret deceased. The ensigns of earthly glory, alas ! find favour with the men of this age ; but on the memorials of those who have passed to a crown unfading in heaven, except perchance in scorn, they cannot bestow a thought. Why such inconsistency, such want of truthfulness to nature ? If the relics of the saints are abandoned, others less worthy will claim their vacant place. The unvarying doctrine and practice of the Church regarding them, like every other which has been taught her by her Divine Founder, supplies a deep and indestructible necessity in our nature, against which it is idle to make war, and which even those who deny it in theory are forced practically to attest, involuntarily indeed, and at the sacrifice of consistency and good sense. From the deeply interesting spectacle of the changefulness of every thing here below, in the empty crown and idle sceptre of an extinct dynasty of kings, we depart sadder and wiser men. Let us not leave the contemplation of S. Margaret's virtues, less humble, less grateful, less resolved to imitate them in our poor way, than we ap-

proached it. It is for this end that the Church instructs us to venerate the images and relics of the saints, that, to use her very words, “as often as we behold them with our bodily eyes, we may, with the eyes of our mind, meditate on their deeds and sanctity, for our imitation.” And in future, let the castle of Edinburgh, among other associations, often recall S. Margaret to our thoughts, and, as we look up to its commanding height, let them mount up higher, and thus find expression; *Sancta Margareta ora pro nobis.*





## LECTURE II.

✠ DEAR BRETHREN OF THE HOLY GILD ;—At our last reading I led you first to the Castle, because, as Maitland in his *History* observes, the situation of Edinburgh shows that it owes its origin to the old fortress. In a ruder state of society, when the country was often wasted by war and domestic feuds, the protection of a strong castle, or baronial tower, attracted many to settle around it, and it thus formed the centre of a growing community. There are other sites in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh which would have been thought, in many ways, more eligible for a city in an age of peace. It will assist us in our future course, if, before we visit the parochial and collegiate churches of the city, one by one, we take a general survey of its ancient size and outline. It is much debated whether the town and castle were not once entirely surrounded by water. We need not stop to examine this question; those who are curious to know more of it will find many strong reasons against the supposition, given by Maitland.\* It is at least certain, however, that on the north side there lay a morass,

\* Hist. of Edinb. 137 and 172.



through which a stream of water flowed, and which, till within the memory of many now living, was called the North Loch. And from the numerous small lakes which lay at various distances around the town, the French used to call it L'Islebourg. Four hundred years ago, our city was a far poorer place than we can now almost imagine. "Froissart," in a narrative of events which happened in the fourteenth century, "estimates the houses in Edinburgh," says Pinkerton, "then the capital, at four thousand. They were small wooden cottages, covered with straw; for modern Edinburgh, with its houses of ten or twelve stories, cannot date higher than Mary's reign, when all the French customs of Scotland really commenced. By a common calculation, the inhabitants of the capital, in the reign of Robert II., that is, about 1380, hardly exceeded sixteen thousand."\*

Till the middle of the following century, the city remained unprotected by walls, and hence exposed to the invasion of the English. In 1450, King James II. gave the inhabitants power to build a wall round it for their defence, and to levy a tax among themselves to complete the work. "Dreid of the evil and skeith ofoure

\* History of Scotland; i. 152.

enemies of England" is mentioned as a principal reason for granting this privilege.\* . It is unnecessary to trace minutely the course of the wall ; suffice it to say, in a general way, that it began at the north-east corner of the Castle Rock,† and after running between the North Loch and the Castle Hill, till it came opposite the present Reservoir, it passed across the hill to the south side, and, again bending its course eastwards, took a direction parallel with the High Street, and nearly half-way between it and the line of the Cowgate, which, as you know, did not then exist. When it reached the Netherbow, it took a northerly course, and ended at Leith Wynd. From this point to the Castle Hill the morass of the North Loch, with its running stream dammed up so as to form a sheet of water, was deemed sufficient protection on the north.

Presently, however, a populous suburb grew up on the site of the Cowgate, and remained unfortified till the disastrous day of Flodden, in 1513, when its inhabitants were seized with so

\* Maitland ; *ut supra*, p. 137.

† The ruins of the Wellhouse Tower, where the wall began, still remain at the foot of the rock, near the west end of the Prince's Street Gardens. It was built to protect the well, and was afterwards called by a corruption of the name, Wallace Tower.

great dread of the English, that they immediately set about enclosing themselves with a wall. This second, or extended rampart, began on the south-east side of the Castle, and on reaching the West Port turned eastward, passing to the north of the site of Heriot's Hospital, through the present Greyfriars' churchyard, to Bristo; and thence by Potterrow to the Pleasance, along the south side of the ground where the College, Royal Infirmary, and High School Yards now are. There it turned northwards, and, crossing the Cowgate, passed up S. Mary's Wynd to the Netherbow. A further extension of the wall was made more lately, but as it was comparatively small, I need not describe it to you.

In this wall there were many gates or ports, as they were called. The names of some of these still remain, though all trace of the gateways themselves is gone. Thus, we have the West Port and Bristo Port; there were also Potterrow Port, or Kirk of Field Port, once so called from the church of S. Marie in the fields, which stood near it; S. Marie Wynd Port, Cowgate Port, Netherbow Port, Leith Wynd Port. Parts of the wall may yet be seen at various points of its course. Such was the boundary of the ancient city. Beyond it was a wide landscape of green turf, and moor, and

rock, with perhaps a few straggling houses. From the North Loch to the sea, you might probably have wandered without meeting a sign of human habitation, till you approached the town of Leith; and though here and there, around the suburbs, and even at some distance in the country, on the east and south sides, your eyes would have been gladdened by the sight of a convent, or chapelry, or friary, yet the dwellings of the people were thinly scattered. Between the Netherbow and Holyrood Abbey, a new suburb sprang up, called the Canongate; but its history properly belongs to the annals of that house. From what remains of the character of our old capital, it is hardly possible to form even a faint idea of the picturesque appearance which it must have presented. For the ravages of war and time, and the monotonous spirit of our own age, have nearly obliterated every feature of that endless variety, which made the buildings of our Catholic fathers, even to an artist's eye, so full of beauty. On either side of that noble ridge, which rises from the plain up to the summit of the Castle rock, the modest rude dwellings of the inhabitants, pretending to no effect beyond that which never fails to accompany a simple regard to usefulness and unison with nature, would make a picture, far surpassing in interest

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the more formal and imposing styles of modern architecture. Threaded in every direction by narrow winding streets and closes, it seemed a wilderness of gables, and chimnies, and turrets grouped without apparent order, and yet in harmonious combination. Here and there some airy space proclaimed the precincts of a religious house, from which arose the bell-tower of the brethren's chapel, and the cross-surmounted pinnacle. The houses devoted to religion and mercy were then easily recognized by their commanding size and richer ornaments; for the dwellings of men preserved that humble inferiority which betokened a just estimate of the relative dignity of what belonged to God. And high above all rose the collegiate church of S. Giles, the patron Saint of the city, not, as now, buried among the tall masses of surrounding houses, but seen from afar with its broken outline in bold relief against the sky. In a word, as it has been remarked in general in ancient Catholic cities, the sign of faith was stamped upon every feature of our own; its very arrangement resulted from a habit of thought and feeling very different from that now so popular. "Those narrow modest streets," say the author of *Mores Catholici*, in his inimitable description of such a city in ages of faith, "in which the people seem to live as one

family, and to walk as dear children before God, with their eyes continually presented with gracious images of the saints and of our Blessed Ladye, however disagreeable in the judgment of those who seek to live well by means of horses and chariots, who are accustomed to cities where both nature and Christianity are banished, in which the public ways seem so expressly designed for the purposes of dress and display, that men are afraid to speak or move there, excepting with an air which denotes that they are rich, seems expressly made to favour a form of life for men who rather shun than love distinction. \* \* \*

Wherever streets were necessarily disturbed, it was usual, until two centuries ago, to build houses with their gable ends turned towards it, so that the front was removed from the distraction, being towards some court or garden. In fact, in Catholic cities, the laity could always lead somewhat of a monastic life, while inhabiting their paternal or their hired house. In a modern city, men in the evening leave their houses for a banquet; in a Catholic city, they go out for the benediction. The offices of the Church, morning and evening, and even the night instruction, were not wanting to those who were still living in the world; and if the intervals were passed in study, or other intellectual exercise, it was a life scho-

lastic, and almost monastical. The number of churches always open, the frequent processions, and the repeated instruction of the clergy, made the whole city like a holy place, and were, without doubt, the means of making multitudes to choose the strait entrance, and to walk in the narrow way.”\* Let me not be thought to disparage the improved methods of modern civilization, in ventilating, lighting, and cleaning towns, when I thus laud the narrow picturesque wynds and closes of our old city. My aim is rather to remind you, that even in ruder ages there was much to admire, where the mere economist and improver would see every thing to condemn; that there are other recommendations in a city besides handsome streets and squares, and magnificent secular buildings. In lowlier dwellings, pride and vain glory are less welcome visitors, and the frequent daily sacrifice, and the oft returning Christian sights and sounds, might well make up for the noble lines of building which suggest no thought of the invisible world. There are cities where splendour of architecture is found not irreconcilable with the pious observances of old times.

The multitude of churches and religious houses

\* *Mores Catholici*; iii. 1.

in Edinburgh has called forth the wonder of modern writers; and if we remember in what poor dwellings the inhabitants were then content to live, the condition of the consecrated buildings will appear truly surprising. "There are few things respecting Edinburgh," says Mr Chambers, in his charming little work on its traditions, "so surprising as the number of religious houses at this period. In 1559, when the affairs of Scotland, both civil and ecclesiastic, were involved in the greatest confusion, and when churches and monasteries every where met with destruction, the inhabitants of Edinburgh resolved upon saving the buildings within their city, and took active measures for defending them from the fury of the Reformers. The consequence was that, while the sacred work of demolition went briskly on throughout the country, the churches of the capital merely suffered a conversion into protestant kirks, and some of the religious houses altogether escaped molestation. In the period between 1559 and 1688, many of these establishments have flourished, their existence being protected through the most tempestuous times of Puritanism, by the encouragement of a powerful minority, who still adhered to the ancient faith. Nay, however wonderful it may appear, a considerable number of small chapels, nunneries, &c.



were founded and endowed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, over and above the oratories which, during this period, formed part of the mansion of every Catholic gentleman.”\* Thus it happened, that not far from the dwelling of every citizen of the humblest order, there was a place set apart for daily sacrifice, whither he might bend his steps ere he commenced his morning toil, and where he might soothe his tired spirit at night, by uniting in the office which the church appoints for welcoming the close of day. How light would be the burden of labour, thus refreshed by constant draughts from the source of peace !

Even at the risk of wearying you with such descriptions, I cannot refrain from quoting, at some length, a passage from the same work of Mr Digby, on the *Ages of Faith*, in which he pourtrays the harmonious unity in diversity, which resulted from the presence in one city of so many institutions of various orders ; and with it I shall conclude this general survey of the city :—“ To have a personal experience,” he says, “ of the unity of the Church, we should traverse the whole world, to witness under every indifference of nature and climate, one family

\* Traditions of Edinburgh ; i. p. 5.

likeness among her children, one faith, one hope, one baptism, one spirit of charity, one sacrifice of atonement, one pervading type, and one idea, determining all institutions, manners, and even intellectual conceptions ; but, to behold its variety, which is produced by this unity, we need only observe what is established in any one city. See the noble cathedral rising from the centre, as the parent of all the lesser fabrics, though it is not always the principal church ; for at Verona, Padua, Bologna, and Ravenna, the churches of S. Zeno, S. Anthony, S. Petronio, and S. Apollinare, are in a rank before it ; and to the latter the archbishop and the clergy repair every year processionally, to honour the tomb of the apostle of Emilia. Observe, on one side is the vast monastery of the Benedictines for the learned, with its spacious and beautiful cloisters, under noble libraries and solenn halls ; on the other, rises the immense college of the Jesuits, for the reception of studious and saintly youth. Here you see the magnificent hospital for those who love to minister to the sick, and there is the hospice for him who desires to entertain the stranger. Nor do you overlook the charitable school for the pious lay brother, who devotes himself to the instruction of the children of the poor. Without the walls, in some sequestered

vale, stands the Carthusian monastery and Cistercian abbey, for those who served God in penitence and retirement; and, crowning the beautiful heights which encircle the city, appear the humble but picturesque convents of the Capuchins and Franciscans, for the active brothers of the poor. Among the groves adjoining you discover numerous religious houses, under various rules, for holy virgins. Rising on the highest rock above them all is the votive temple of our Ladye for the devout pilgrims; and, deep in the recesses of the neighbouring forest, you will discover the mossy cell and simple oratory for him who loves to dwell in prayer amidst the silence and solitude of nature. What a multitude of magnificent and useful creations have thus arisen from one faith! What variety, and yet what harmonious concord!"\* With merely a change of names, this might pass for a glowing description of our own ancient Catholic city.

How many of those who pass up and down the High Street every day, and look at the old church, with a new face, which stands in it, ever think of asking themselves who was S. Giles; or, if the thought crosses their mind, how many ever

\* Mor. Cath. ; iii. 2.

try to get an answer to the question? There is a sad apathy now among Scotsmen in regard to the Saints. We are not accustomed to dwell steadily on the thought of them; it needs a great effort, even for those who love their memory, to recal their gentle, holy presence. And many, alas! are trained to disbelieve in them altogether, and to have more faith in the fabulous mythology of Greece and Rome, than in that glorious company who at this hour surround the eternal throne. It is one happy consequence of our examination of the antiquities of Edinburgh, that we are ever and anon reminded of them. We come across their path, as it were, without expecting it, so intimately were the habits and ways of our forefathers regulated by an affectionate, grateful belief in their existence. We have already heard of S. Paulinus, a holy bishop, who came from Rome to teach Christianity in England, and of S. Edwin, a Saxon king, who exchanged the royal crown for the martyr's. And we have also had the memory of S. Margaret vividly recalled to our thoughts; and yet, strange to say, not one of these blessed persons was a native of Scotland. They all came from other countries to do good to strangers, and to leave a gracious recollection behind them, far away from the place of their birth and early youth. This is a remarkable

feature in their history, which we should meditate upon. It suggests a wide and consoling view of the reality of Catholic communion, free from selfish and narrow ideas, and depending on ties stronger, and more durable far, than the bonds of nature and of country. And now we are going to hear of a saint who lived in Greece, and afterwards in France, and who died there, and yet whose festival was highly honoured in this city, and whose church was the largest and richest of the kind in Scotland, except the royal chapel at Stirling. I cannot stop to follow out the train of thought which arises from this remarkable contrast to the general mode of bestowing honour among men of the world. But I hope that you will bear it in mind, while I try to describe to you the church which took the name of S. Giles.

S. Giles, or *Ægidius*, was born in Athens, about twelve hundred years ago. His family was noble, and, as some say, of royal descent. While he was still young, he sold his patrimony, and left his native country, that he might serve God in retirement. He arrived in Provence, in the south of France, in the year 666. He at first chose a retreat near Arles; but afterwards, desiring more perfect solitude, he withdrew into a forest near the river Gardo, in the diocese of Nismes. He took with him only one companion,

Veredemus, who lived with him on the fruits of the earth, and the milk of a hind. As Flavius Wamba, a king of the Goths, was one day hunting in the neighbourhood of Nismes, his dog pursued her to the hermitage of the saint, where she took refuge. This wild animal has been remembered for the sake of S. Giles, and you see its figure, even at this day, as one of the supporters of the arms of the city. \* The king was astonished to find the holy man in such a desolate region. He treated him with great reverence, and tried to prevail upon him to leave his solitude. But finding it in vain, he gave him land for the endowment of a monastery, which soon arose in a valley called Flaviana, from the name of the royal founder. It was filled with monks of the Benedictine order; but, in later years it came into the possession of secular canons. In 684, Pope Benedict II. approved of its rule of government, and granted it many privileges.

S. Giles spent more than fifty years of his life in governing this religious house. When the Sarazins invaded that part of France in 720, he retired with his monks to Orleans, where Charles Martel, the founder of a venerable dynasty of French kings, received him with great kindness.

\* Caledonia ; ii. 773.

The infidels were defeated and driven out of the kingdom in 721, and S. Giles then returned to his abbey, and died there not long after. \* His sanctity was attested by miracles, and he was publicly honoured in the next age; and, before the end of the eleventh century, his fame had been carried into Hungary. In Germany many churches and monasteries were dedicated to God in his honour. Pope Urban IV., in the thirteenth century, appointed the 1st of September for his festival, and S. Pius V. confirmed it, much nearer our own times. In France, Belgium, and other countries of Europe, S. Giles has always been very highly venerated. In Britain, many churches yet bear his name. Matilda, the daughter of S. Margaret, and wife of Henry I. king of England, perhaps from the lessons which her holy mother had taught her, founded an hospital for lepers near London, in 1117, and called it by the name of S. Giles. Hence, the large parish, which now lies in the very heart of London, took its name. The master and brethren of that hospital used formerly to present a bowl of ale to every felon as he passed their gate on his way to Tyburn.

When the city was enclosed by the first wall,

\* See BUTLER'S *Lives of the Saints*; September 1.

in 1450, all within that boundary formed one parish, and the immediately surrounding country belonged to the parish of S. Cuthbert, of which we shall hear by and bye; and the church of S. Giles was the parish church of Edinburgh. There is good reason for thinking, that, as early as 854, there was a church here; for among the places enumerated as belonging to Lindisfarne, by Simeon, the monk of Durham, Edinburgh is one. It probably stood within the ramparts of the Castle. There was a large church there in later times, which makes a prominent feature in some old views of the fortress. The seat of the bishopric of Lindisfarne was in Holy Island, on the coast of Northumberland, so called for the wonderful sanctity of many of the bishops and monks who lived and died there. And here is another of those links which unite us to places and men far removed from us in time and country, but bound very closely to us by Christian communion, which leaves no spot on earth, no moment of time, isolated. All are wonderfully made one in Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It is interesting to remember that the see of Lindisfarne was founded by S. Aidan, a monk of Iona, more than twelve hundred years ago.\* Oswald, the next king

\* See BUTLER'S *Lives of the Saints*; August 31.



who filled the throne of Northumbria after S. Edwin, invited him to leave his dear monastery in the Hebrides, and come to teach the faith which S. Paulinus had just brought into Northumbria. He was succeeded by S. Finan and S. Colman, and, last though not least, by S. Cuthbert. These holy men, dwelling long ago on that bare island in the Eastern Ocean, and ruling with angel hearts Christ's flock, were the spiritual fathers of the old inhabitants of Edinburgh and the Maydyn Castle. We do not know certainly how soon Christianity made its way to this place, but S. Columba, and S. Ninian, and S. Palladius, and their successors, S. Servanus and S. Ternanus and others, the apostles of our country, had all finished their labours before S. Aidan crossed the hills on his way to Holy Island. We may therefore believe that there were disciples of the Cross in Edwinsburgh while he sat on the bishop's throne at Lindisfarne. When the island ceased to be the see of a bishop, it was for many ages occupied by an abbey, of which the poet has given us a beautiful description :—

“ The tide did now its floodmark gain,  
And girdled in the Saint's domain :  
For with the flow and ebb, its style  
Varies from continent to isle :

“ Dryshod o'er sands, twice every day,  
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;  
Twice every day the waves efface  
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.  
As to the port the galley flew,  
Higher and higher rose to view  
The Castle, with its battled walls,  
The ancient Monastery's halls,  
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
Placed on the margin of the isle.

“ In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,  
With massive arches broad and round,  
That rose alternate, row and row,  
On ponderous columns, short and low,  
Built ere the art was known,  
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,  
The arcades of an alleyed walk  
To emulate in stone.  
On the deep walls the heathen Dane  
Had poured his impious rage in vain ;  
And needful was such strength to these,  
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway,  
Open to rovers fierce as they,  
Which could twelve hundred years withstand  
Winds, wars, and northern pirates' hand.

“ Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuilt in a later style,  
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been ;  
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
And mouldered in his niche the Saint,

D

And rounded, with consuming power,  
The pointed angles of each tower :  
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,  
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued." \*

When the allegiance of the inhabitants of the Lothians was transferred to the kings of Scotland, the church of S. Andrews became the seat of episcopal authority; for in Catholic times there never was a bishop of Edinburgh. The first who took the title was a protestant minister, named Forbes, whom king Charles I. invested with the dignity. The see of S. Andrews was erected by king Kenneth II., surnamed Macalpine, in the ninth century.† Seven hundred years ago, we know that it included in its jurisdiction the modern counties of Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan, part of Perthshire, of Forfarshire and the Mearns, the three Lothians, Berwickshire and Roxburghshire. More lately, the bishop of S. Andrews became an archbishop, with authority over all the bishops of Scotland. The city of Edinburgh was included in the Deanery of Linlithgow.

The great scarcity of authentic chronicles which can throw light on our early Church his-

\* Marmion; ii. 9, 10.

† LYON'S History of S. Andrews; i. pp. 25 and 39.

tory makes it impossible to tell how soon, and for what reason, S. Giles came to be venerated in Edinburgh, and to have a church called by his name. Our earliest record of it is in 1359, when king David II., by a charter under his great seal, gave all the lands of Upper Merchiestoun to the chaplain officiating at the altar of St Katharine, in S. Giles' parish church.

About twenty years after this, we hear of it again, in a contract which the Provost of Edinburgh entered into with certain masons to vault and arch over a part of the church; and again, in 1384, the Scottish barons assembled here, and resolved on a war with England. In the following year, the city was visited by an English army, and burnt in part. The church suffered considerably at that time; but, in 1387, there is a record of another contract, between the provost and the masons, to build five chapels on the south side. They were especially directed to copy part of the work in the abbey of Holyrood. The same number of chauntries was also added on the north side, but at what time is unknown.

The advowson, or right of patronage, to this church belonged to the king; and, in 1393, king Robert III. granted to the abbey of Scone every right which the crown had in it. This was confirmed by the bishop of S. Andrews,

and both received the approval of Pope Benedict XIII., whose name is celebrated in the history of the Church, as having been deposed by the Council of Constance in 1417. After this grant to the abbey of Scone, the church was served by a vicar, while the abbey drew the great tithes.

About the year 1462, the choir, or east end, was built. In order to aid the work, and indeed, generally during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, it was customary for the town council to give the penalties which were imposed in money, for faults, to the Church of S. Giles. The companies also, or crafts, as they were called, made a similar use of the fines incurred by the breach of their bye-laws. The work of beautifying and enlarging the church seems to have gone on at intervals till the year 1511. The endless variety of outline which was produced by these numerous additions gave a picturesque beauty to the church, of which we may still form some idea, by studying old views of it. About sixteen years ago, it was reduced to its present formality, and the tower and the internal masonry are now the best examples of what it once was.

When we recal the impoverished state of Scotland, and all that it suffered in its wars with

England, it is almost incredible that, in this church, there were more than forty altars, many of them richly endowed with gifts and bequests, for the service of chaplains, for the remedy of Christian souls. Bishops and their clergy are among those generous donors, and not a few worthy burgesses of Edinburgh. One of these is remarkable for his connection with the literature of our country, and for the proof which his example gives, that the spirit of ancient piety is not necessarily foreign to an enterprising and active mind, ready to seize and turn to advantage the useful improvements which Providence permits men to discover, for wise and gracious purposes. In 1513 there passed the great seal, not long before the battle of Flodden, a confirmation of a charter of mortification by Walter Chepman of Ewirlande, of various annual rents from tenements within Edinburgh, for the support of a chaplain at the altar of S. John the Evangelist, within the church of S. Giles, "for the healthful estate and prosperity," as the deed bears, "of the most excellent lord, the king of Scotland, and of his most serene consort, Margaret queen of Scotland, and of their children; and also for the health of my soul, and of Agnes Cokburne, my present wife, and of the soul of

the late Mariot Kerkettill, my former spouse, &c.”

And in 1528, the same devout person founded another chaplainry at the altar of Jesus Christ, within the church of S. Giles, and endowed it with his tenement in the Cowgate.\*

It may seem strange to hear that this is no other than the possessor of the first printing press in Scotland, which he set up early in that century, in company with Andrew Myllar, his partner, under the auspices of king James IV., and especially encouraged and patronized by William Elphinstone, the Catholic bishop of Aberdeen. Thus, at every turn in history, we meet with striking refutations of the idle story, that learning and intellectual progress are fatal to Catholicity. I think the present instance a most valuable and convincing one. But to return.

Another curious record of this church is connected with the veneration that was paid to its patron Saint. An act of council, dated 1454, thus commemorates the gratitude of the citizens to one who had brought from France a relic of S. Giles.

“ Be it kend to all men by these present letters,

\* Preface to reprint of *Golagrus, and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems*; by David Laing, Esq.

we the Provost, Baillies, Counselle, and Communitie of the burgh of Edynburgh, to be bound and obliged to William of Prestoun of Gourton, son and heir to some while William of Prestoun of Gourton, and to the friends and surname of them, that for as much as William of Prestoun the father, whom God assoile, made diligent labour by a high and mighty prince the King of France, and many other lords of France, for getting the arm bone of Saint Gele, the which bone he freely left to our Mother Kirk of Saint Gele of Edinburgh, without making any condition. We considering the great labour and costs that he made for the getting thereof, we promise, that within six or seven years, in all the possible and goodly haste we may, that we shall build an aisle, forth from our Ladye aisle, where the said William lies, the said aisle to be begun within a year, in the which aisle there shall be made a brass for his lair in bost work, and above the brass a writ specifying the bringing of that Relyk to him into Scotland, with his arms; and his arms to be put in hewn work, in other three parts of the aisle. Also an altar to be made in the said aisle, with book and chalice, and all other furniture belonging thereto. Also that we shall assign the chaplain of whilome Sir Williame of Prestoun to sing at that altar from that time



forth, and if any other friends like to fest any more chaplains, they shall be thankfully received to sing at that altar. Item, that as oft as the said Ryllik is borne in the year, that the surname and nearest of blood of the said Williame shall bear the said Ryllik before all others. Also, that from the death of the said William, father, there shall be founded a chaplain for the term of six years to sing for him. Item, we promise that there shall be an obit yearly done for him, as belongs, the time of the year of his decease. In witness of which things, we have set to our common seal at Edinburgh the 11th day of the month of January, the year of our Lord 1454 years.”\* The name of Preston is still honourable in the county of Midlothian. The family anciently possessed the castle of Craigmillar, and their device may still be seen upon its walls, a press and a tun, or barrel.

In 1466, king James III. changed the parish church of S. Giles into a collegiate church. That you may understand the meaning of this, let me remind you of the great division of the Catholic clergy into seculars and regulars. Both have this in common, that they are devoted to the service of the altar, and are bound by a vow of perpetual celibacy. But, in addition, the

\* *Fragmenta Scotomonastica*; App. xviii.

regular clergy contract further obligations of divesting themselves of worldly goods, and living in poverty, generally at a common table, and of implicit obedience to their superiors. There are other distinctions, but these are the principal. Now the parish clergy were generally, though not always seculars, living in a house attached to the church, and watching over the spiritual interests of the people. The regulars, on the contrary, were generally collected in communities, in which they devoted themselves to contemplation and the perpetual celebration of the divine office, varied occasionally in some orders by manual or intellectual labour, and not unfrequently by the parochial charge of the neighbouring hamlets. But sometimes the seculars lived many of them together in one place, hence called a college or collection of clergy; and the church attached to it, where they sang mass and the daily office in choir, was called a collegiate church. The clergy who served it were named Canons or Prebendaries, and sometimes secular Canons, to distinguish them from the regular or Augustinian Canons, who belonged to the other great division. The chief among them was called the *Præpositus* or Provost. There were once more than thirty of these collegiate churches in Scotland. Besides S. Giles', Edin-

burgh possessed two others, the Trinity college church, which is still standing, and of S. Marie in the fields, or the Kirk of Field, once occupying the site of the University.

You will understand now what kind of change king James III. introduced into S. Giles', when instead of the vicar of Scone abbey, with a number of chaplains attached to various altars, he appointed sixteen prebendaries, with their provost, a curate, a sacristan, a minister of the choir, a beadle, and four choristers. He endowed these with the revenues of the altars and chauntries. Some of the prebendaries were collated by the bishop of the diocese; the rest were in the gift of the town. The common council appointed the sacristan, minister of the choir, and choristers. This collegiate body kept up constantly the celebration of the sacred offices, filling the stalls set apart for the prebends which each held; but, in other respects just like the secular clergy, not living in common, nor practising any of the counsels of perfection, except celibacy. The provost had a house and garden on the south side of the church, part of which he granted to the citizens of Edinburgh, in 1496, \* to enlarge their burying-ground. This most ancient ceme-

\* Maitland; *ut supra*, p. 185.

tery of the city extended from the church downwards to the Cowgate. Many remains of dead bodies have been discovered among the recent excavations there. In the lower part of the churchyard, afterwards called the Back Stairs, stood the chapel of Holy Rood, in honour of Jesus Christ crucified, to whose altar Walter Chepman gave his second endowment, as we have already seen. The canons of S. Giles' lived in houses which stood on the north side of the church, since occupied by a row of buildings called the Luckenbooths. One of the provosts of S. Giles, was the famous Gawin Douglas, afterwards bishop of Dunkeld, and the translator of Virgil's *Æneid* into the Scottish language.

There are still a few circumstances connected with S. Giles' church which remain to be told, but I have occupied your time long enough to-night. I hope at our next meeting to say something about the architecture of our old churches, and the deep meaning which the builders intended that every part should have. After that, the history of S. Cuthbert, the patron Saint of a large parish in Edinburgh, will claim our attention. He has been venerated in this country for many long ages. You will find his life and death not less interesting than those of the other blessed Saints who have already met us on our

way. Thus the dry details which you are sometimes asked to listen to will be relieved by narrations which, to Catholics at least, cannot surely fail to have a charm inexpressible. The old local names will thus no longer remain dead and unmeaning, but with them we shall come to associate living deeds of love, of patience, of Christian heroism. We shall live in the past, but only that we may perform our part well in the present, by imitating, in a humble manner, what was accomplished then ; and we shall love to anticipate in the future our union with those saintly persons, whose memories have perchance, by God's grace, served to comfort us in sorrow, to nerve our hearts in an hour of trial, and whose unceasing prayers have obtained for us many of the passing joys which have refreshed us on our way to God.



## LECTURE III.

✠ DEAR BRETHREN OF THE HOLY GILD;— Little remains to be said of the old collegiate church of S. Giles; for I hope to give you some account of the changes which have befallen it in later times, when we have visited the other Catholic monuments of the city. We shall then be better able to form an idea of the ravages which were committed among them, when we have seen something of their former beauty. I therefore propose, at some future time, to devote one entire reading to the history of their destruction.

There were once, as we have seen, about forty altars in this church. A catalogue of the Saints, in whose honour they were dedicated to God, has been preserved, and may not be uninteresting to you to hear; for as the Saints who were then specially venerated in one place were not the same as those who received the devout regard of the faithful in another, there is often a local

history connected with their names, perhaps of some favour obtained for a particular city through their prayers, and not unfrequently of the gratitude of persons or companies who had been assisted by their patronage. Besides, every thing that can be learnt about this church possesses a great value, for we are thus enabled to form some conception, not only of its appearance, but of the religious habits of our Catholic forefathers. You will recognize among the Saints whose altars stood in S. Giles' church several who have been honoured for many ages as the patrons of various crafts or companies.\* The catalogue of the altars is as follows:—S. Andrew's, the patron Saint of Scotland; S. John's the Evangelist; S. Michael's the Archangel; S. Saviour's; S. Michael's de Monte Tomba; of the Holy Trinity; of the Holy Cross; of the Holy Blood; of S. John Baptist; of S. Nicholas, the patron of sailors and of children; St Duthac's; of the Holy Cross of Lucano; St Sebastian's; the High Altar; the altar of our Blessed Ladye; S. Gabriel's the Archangel; S. Ninian's, the holy bishop of Whitherne in Galloway; S. Katharine's; S. Gregory's; S. Barbara's; of S. Blasius; of S. Dionysius; of S. Francis, the

\* Maitland; *ut supra*, p. 271.

blessed founder of the Grey Friars ; of S. Eligius or Eloye, the patron saint of goldsmiths ; of S. Martin and S. Thomas ; of S. Roch and S. Nicholas ; of the Holy Blood and S. Anthony ; of our Ladye of Piety ; of S. James ; of S. Laurence ; of S. Mungo, the saintly bishop of Glasgow, whose tomb may still be seen in the crypt of the cathedral there ; of S. Thomas, the martyr of Canterbury ; of the Holy Cross of the Body and Blood of Christ ; of S. Crispin and Crispinian, the former the patron of shoemakers. Many of these altars had several chaplains endowed for their service, who celebrated the sacred mysteries continually for the weal of their founders, and of their relations and friends, and of all Christian souls.

There is an interesting inventory of some of the sacred vessels and treasure of this church, which, though in riches it falls far short of the possessions of some other churches, whose inventories are preserved, yet is a sufficient proof that our poorer country did not fail to employ its limited resources in the service of His earthly temple, to whose humble crib at Bethlehem, kings and wise men brought the most costly treasures of the East. In the inventory of S. Giles' we find mention made of several chalices of silver, one of which weighed 23 oz., and of



another, gilt,  $20\frac{1}{2}$  oz. in weight ; of the reliquary, which enclosed the arm of S. Giles, also of silver, and weighing 5lbs.; of a small golden bell, and of a golden pyx for the Blessed Sacrament. There were also two silver censers, weighing 3lb. 15 oz. ; a large silver cross, of nearly 17lb. weight ; a silver lamp ; “a round silver eucharist” or remonstrance ; two candlesticks of silver, 7lb. in weight ; a silver chalice and cross, weighing together 75 oz. Besides these, the church possessed several rich vestments and coverings for the altars ; it was adorned with images of our most Blessed Ladye, of S. Giles, and of other Saints ; and in the tower there were four sweet-toned bells, of which one bore the name of St Marie’s bell.

And here let us pause for a little, to contemplate the picture of an old Catholic church like S. Giles, standing in the midst of our city, with its solemn aisles and high vaulted roof, and its windows of richly coloured glass, bearing many a pious legend and holy image, such as you may see at this day where the rude hand of irreligion has spared these memorials of the middle ages. Though the outline of the church, as it stands at present, is changed from its appearance then, yet even in the stones which compose it there is something which attracts the affectionate

reverence of Catholics. While other buildings have their own interest, either for their past history or the connection which they have with the busy world around us, this old church represents to us visibly the achievements of faith. What majesty ! what durability ! Well might the poet say of the founders of our ancient churches, that

They built in marble, built as they  
Who wished these stones should see the day  
When Christ returns, and these vast walls  
May stand o'er them when judgment calls.\*

Only think how long ago it is since the foundations were marked out, and solemnly blessed ; since the walls rose, stone upon stone, as you see new churches rising every day. Think of the far distant time when the whole was completed, and when the bishop came with his clergy and the banner of the cross, and the other ensigns of religion, and took possession of the fabric for Christ. Generation after generation has passed away, the surrounding dwellings which witnessed that sight have grown old, and decayed, and come to nothing, and there the house of God still stands. Since it was erected, three religious convulsions, more than one civil revolution, accidents of war and fire have devastated our city, and it has

\* Baptistery, p. 195.

outlived them all, and might with little difficulty be restored to its original completeness. It is to us a symbol that faith is eternal; that it lasts through the lapse of ages and the changes of human affairs, ever and immutably the same. A living author has beautifully expressed this idea, when he says that "stability and permanence are perhaps the especial ideas which a church brings before the mind. It represents, indeed, the beauty, the loftiness, the calmness, the mystery, and the sanctity of religion also, and that in many ways; still, more than all these, it represents to us its eternity. It is the witness of Him who is the beginning and the ending, the first and the last; it is the token and emblem of "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." \*

Another interesting view of the durability of religious buildings is taken by the author of the *Guesses at Truth*, in his remarks on the ruins of ancient pagan temples: "So inherent is permanency in religion," he says, "so akin is it to eternity, that the monuments even of a false and corrupt religion will outlast every other memorial of its age and people. With what power does this thought come upon us, when standing amid

\* MR NEWMAN'S Parochial Sermons; vol. vi. On Whitsunday.

the temples of Pæstum ! All other traces of the people who raised them have been swept away ; the very materials of the buildings that once surrounded them have vanished, one knows not how or whither ; the country about is a wide waste ; the earth has become barren with age ; nature herself seems to have grown old and died there. Yet still those mighty columns lift up their heads toward heaven, as though they too were ‘ fashioned to endure the assault of Time, with all his hours ;’ and still one gazes through them at the deep blue sea and sky, and at the hills of Amalfi, on the opposite coast of the bay. A day spent among those temples,” he continues, “ is never to be forgotten, whether as a vision of unimagined sublimity and beauty, or as a lesson how the glory of all man’s works passes away, and nothing of them abides, save that which he gives to God. When Mary anointed our Lord’s feet, the act was a transient one ; it was done for His burial ; the holy feet which she anointed ceased soon after to walk on earth. Yet He declared, that wheresoever His gospel was preached in the whole world, that act should also be told as a memorial of her. So has it even been with what has been given to God, even though it were blindly and erringly. While all other things perished, this has endured.

“The same doctrine is set forth in the colossal hieroglyphics of Girgenti and Selinus. At Athens, too, what are the buildings which two thousand years of slavery have failed to crush? The temple of Theseus and the Parthenon. Man, when working for himself, has ever felt that so perishable a creature may well be content with a perishable shell. On the other hand, when he is working for those whom his belief has enthroned in the heavens, he strives to make his works worthy of them, not only in grandeur and in beauty, but also in their imperishable, indestructible massiveness and strength. Moreover, Time himself seems almost to shrink from an act of sacrilege; and nature ever loves to beautify the ruined house of God.”\*

These remarks have a meaning still more profound, if we apply them to Christian temples. For what aim was it which inspired the genius of the builders; what was the masterthought which directed their magnificent plan? It was their desire to construct a home for the most adorable Eucharist. To a living and active faith in this august mystery of religion, “its sun and center,” as S. Francis of Sales has called it, we owe those sublimest creations of human genius,

\* *Guesses at Truth*, p. 117.

the churches of the middle ages. Hence all the splendour which distinguished them, the profusion of elaborate ornament, the symbolical meaning which was inscribed on every part. All bore a reference more or less immediate to the Divine Presence which sanctified and illumined the whole of the vast fabric. And it is not unreasonable to think, that if, as the author last cited observes, a kind of exemption from decay and oblivion has been granted to the stones which were in ignorance dedicated to a false religion, there may be design in the preservation of so many of our Catholic edifices through the long centuries that have passed over them. It may be that the devoted love to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, which first raised them, may have won for those monuments of its munificence the privilege of shadowing forth in their own indestructibleness something of that principle of immortality which, in so transcendent a manner, is pledged to the faithful, and implanted in them, by that Gift of love, the latest and the best. But I feel that we are approaching a theme too sacred to be made a subject of speculation, as well as too nearly touching the deepest affections of the Catholic heart. Some such view as this, the Christian poet has expressed in these lines:—

" He too is blest whose outward eye  
The graceful lines of art may trace,  
While his free spirit, soaring high,  
Discerns the glorious from the base ;  
Till out of dust his magic raise  
A home for prayer and love, and full harmonious praise.

" Where far away and high above,  
In maze on maze the tranced sight  
Strays, mindful of that heavenly love  
Which knows no end in depth or height ;  
While the strong breath of music seems  
To waft us ever on, soaring in blissful dreams.

" What though in poor and humble guise  
Thou here didst sojourn, cottage born ?  
Yet, from Thy glory in the skies,  
Our earthly gold thou wilt not scorn ;  
For Love delights to bring her best,  
And where Love is, that offering evermore is blest.

" Love on the Saviour's dying head,  
Her spikenard drops unblamed may pour,  
May mount His Cross and wrap Him dead,  
In spices from the golden shore ;  
Risen may embalm His sacred name  
With all a Painter's art, and all a Minstrel's flame.

" Worthless and lost our offerings seem,  
Drops in the ocean of His praise ;  
But Mercy with her genial beam  
Is ripening them to pearly blaze,  
To sparkle in His crown above,  
Who welcomes here a child's, as there an angel's love." \*

\* Christian Year—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

Keeping in mind then this grand aim of the Catholic builders, let us devote a little more time to the examination of the way in which they effected their design. And first, we cannot fail to observe how little they seem to have thought of themselves in planning and executing their works. The names of the architects of many, I had almost said of most, of the finest churches which the middle ages produced are now unknown, or are only familiar to persons learned in antiquarian research. Instead of blazoning their names on the front of their churches, they desired to be forgotten on earth, and their humble wish has been granted. And this will not much surprise us, when we remember that many of them were clad in the rough habit of S. Benedict; men who had laid at the foot of the Cross all the noble and graceful gifts which God had bestowed on them, and to whom therefore the thought of reputation or applause was as acutely painful as neglect and obscurity are to others.

But let us approach nearer, and see what kind of edifices they reared. We may take S. Giles' church as an example, though others much more gorgeous might be found on the soil of Scotland. Its present uniformity, as I have already said, conveys but an imperfect idea of the irregular



outline of its original design. But the solid masonry of its interior walls, and piers, and arches still preserves much of its ancient form. Its figure, as you may observe, lies east and west. This was a position not universal indeed throughout Christendom, but nearly so in Britain. Some persons curious in such matters have made a number of observations to prove that the exact bearing of the church was determined by the point of the horizon at which the sun rose on the festival day of the saint in whose honour it was to be dedicated. But whether this was common or not, it is certain that, in very remote times, the position of the church, with one end towards the east, was deemed to be full of meaning. The author of a volume of *Meditations*, who wrote in the 17th century, has given a beautiful summary of the reasons for this custom. It is found in a *Meditation on the Epiphany*. "The first visible Light that was made by the Word—Let there be light—appeared in the east, and, moving from east to west, made the evening and the morning, the first day, before the starres were created. And the first spirituall light was also given in the east, in Paradise, by the Word; when God promised this seede of the woman; which light moved from Adam in the east, to Abraham in the west, and so downwards, before these particulars, or this

starre appeared. He was a seede before He was a branch. There was a morning before a noone. He appeared the Morning Star before He showed Himself the Sunne of righteousness. And this starre was seene through Him, and by it was He declared, where the sun rises, in the east. He that was the Light of His Father's countenance was born in Jacob, and first lift up His countenance in the east, from whence His armes are spread to comfort us in the west. And as He was borne, so He died in the east. This starre both rose and set there. Where He died, with his Hands stretcht from north to south, to embrace us, and His face towards the west, to dart the beames of grace and mercie on us. Wherefore, as all those gleames of light in His word, whereby we know Him to be God, came to us hither, out of the east, so in a reverent acknowledgment, in all our churches, by an ancient custome, derived from the Apostles' time, we turne our faces into the east, when we adore, and make our prayers unto Him. For now, after His Ascension, which is His second rising out of Jacob, He remaines for ever in the east; He is alwaies in the Ascendant, never declining; He shall never set againe. For of His glorie there shall be no end." \* In addition

\* Meditations, by AUSTIN of Lincoln's Inn. p. 65. He died in 1633.

to these reasons, there is a traditional belief that our Lord shall come out of the east to judgment. This position of the Church is also recommended by its adaptation to the course of the sun in the heavens, and by the beautiful effects which result from that, as Mr Pugin remarks. "How beautifully do the rays of the rising sun," he exclaims, "streaming through the brilliant eastern windows of the choir or chancel, darting their warm and cheerful light to the very extremity of the nave, correspond to the hymn appointed to be sung at Prime,—*Jam lucis orto sidere*. Then as the day advances, from the whole southern side a flood of light is poured into the building, gradually passing off towards evening, till all the glories of a setting sun immediately opposite the western window light up the nave with glowing tints, the rich effect being much increased by the partial obscurity of the choir-end at the time."\* Thus Nature itself combines with Christian symbolism to make this position of the church the most suitable, as well as productive of the loveliest effects. It is remarkable that a trace of one of the mystical reasons for placing the altar of a church towards the east, may be seen at this day in most of the churchyards of this country, where you will almost universally find that the

\* Essay on Ecclesiastical Architecture, p. 14.

graves lie east and west, with the feet of the dead towards the east. This is a lingering attestation of the very ancient belief that our Lord will come to the doom from the east. But even this frail link with the past is perishing, especially in modern cemeteries, where every arrangement seems calculated to annihilate the mysterious awe which has hitherto been associated with the sleeping place of Christian bodies.

You will next observe that the church of S. Giles' is in the form of a cross. Amidst all the irregularity of its outward shape, this arrangement of the middle parts was probably easily discernible. It was, in general, only large conventual or cathedral churches in Britain that were built in this form. For the purposes of a parish church it had its disadvantages, but where it was used it had a plain and significant meaning. The very figure of the edifice preached Christ crucified, the beginning and the end of our hope. The cross was impressed on every part of it, from the floor to the highest pinnacle, to teach men, as Durandus, a celebrated writer on this subject, and a bishop in the 13th century, says, that they are crucified to the world, and should tread in the steps of Him who was crucified. On either side of the nave are the aisles, so named from the French word,

signifying a wing. There is commonly only one on each side, but many foreign churches have more. If there were time to examine every particular minutely, you would find that this mode of grouping in three parts, which prevailed all over a church, symbolized the Catholic faith in the Holy Trinity. The western part of the church, corresponding with the large upright beam of the cross, was called the nave, from the Latin word *navis*, which means a ship, because it represented the ark of the church tossed upon the waves of this world, and bearing its precious freight of souls to the haven of eternal rest. The common entrance into the nave was by a low porch, generally out of all proportion to the height of the building, according to our present method of fixing such things. But the lesson which this arrangement proclaimed was that which our Blessed Lord so often taught ; namely, that, to enter the kingdom of heaven, it is necessary to become as a little child ; or, as He said at another time, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. The uses of the porch were manifold ; as, for instance, the first part of the office of baptism was performed in it, and the introduction of the marriage service. Christian mothers were churched in it, and penitents heard mass in it during Lent, in pre-

paration for their restoration to communion at Easter. The stoups for hallowed water were generally fixed in the wall of the porch, or hollowed out of it, announcing, in language the plainest, that the way of purification is the first which leads to illumination, and, finally, to union with God; or, in the words of the Sermon on the Mount, Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. Sometimes in cathedral churches the approach to the nave was by three doors at the west end, representing the graces of penitence, obedience, and faith, the most essential at the entrance of a Christian life.

On entering the church, the first thing which usually met the eye was the font. It was anciently made of solid stone, richly carved, and very large, to allow the child to be wholly immersed in it. Its shape was most commonly octagonal, or eight sided; because, while the first creation occupied six days, and on the seventh God rested from His work, the crown was placed on the second or new creation, on the eighth day, when our Redeemer triumphed over death. And "in the Sacrament of Baptism," as the Holy Council of Trent teaches the faithful in its catechism, "S. Paul sets forth before our eyes, not only very frequently, but with words of power, and full of the spirit of God, the death and bu-

rial and resurrection of our Redeemer, both for our contemplation and imitation.”\*

And in the interior, no less did every detail, even the minutest, tell of deep and hidden mysteries of faith. The pillars which support the lofty roof are figures of the bishops and doctors of the Church. The long vista in which they stand, and which ends in the most holy place, represents fortitude, which supports itself by ever fixing its eye on its heavenly home. The pavement speaks of humility; and it was not without ornament, for the humble win admiration from all but from themselves. And the arching height tells of hope which looks upwards to a future reward. On every side there are images of the saints and holy angels, shadowing forth the cloud of heavenly witnesses who surround us on our way, as S. Paul says. The countenances of the blessed dead have a beauty of their own, but they are also marked with lines of thought and age and suffering; while the faces of the angelic choir are ever radiant with the loveliness of youth, for the angels never grow old. Even those grotesque figures, which are more frequently, however, found without the church than within it, were intended to personate the hideous de-

\* De Baptismi Sacramento, i.

formity of sin, and to show the contrast which exists between the moral and even physical effects of the spirit of the world and of heresy upon their unhappy victims, and the angelic grace of faithful souls, as Mr Digby observes. The windows, rich in storied teaching, are the Holy Scriptures, and other saintly books of piety, which inform the ignorant and inflame the devotion of those further advanced. Thus the nave, in its different parts and ornaments, represents, in a general way, the history and condition of the Church militant. It is terminated by a screen more or less impervious to the eye; for the mysteries of the celestial kingdom we now see only through a glass in a dark manner. This screen was usually surmounted by the image of the Crucified, with His Blessed Mother and S. John on either side, to recal the memory of His bitter passion on Calvary. And as it stood in the midst of the church, so it taught men to carry the image of their Redeemer in their hearts, according to the maxim of S. Bernard, with the cross in their hearts, and their hearts in the cross. It also prefigured the Tree of Life, which S. John saw in the midst of the city of God. It was commonly called the Rood or Rude, from a Saxon word which means an image. The following words are very often inscribed underneath it, "The effigy of Christ,



when thou passest under, ever honour, and yet not the effigy, but Whom it represents, adore; for what the image teaches is God, but itself is not God. Look then upon it, and in thy mind worship what thou seest in it." The Rood screen was used for chaunting the Holy Gospel and other parts of the church office; it was also ornamented with lights and evergreens at certain festal tides in the year.

On entering the choir or chancel, it was necessary to pass under the Rood, to show that it is only by the cross of Christ that any can arrive at the beatitude of the Church in triumph, which the choir represents in a wonderful manner. A richer profusion of ornament, and a more solemn air, marked the place of sacrifice. Around it were the seats of the clergy, and in cathedrals the throne of the bishop, denoting the superior excellence of the holy priesthood, and of a life of contemplation, and not faintly representing the seats of the ancients, which we read of in the Apocalypse. And far above the level of all else in the church, as it were on the mountain of God, stood the High altar, the visible figure of the throne which S. John saw in heaven. It was remote from idle gaze, because its mysteries must be contemplated in silence and awe. The long flight of steps ascending to it reminded men of the

Christian virtues, by advancing in which the soul draws nearer to God ; and was also an image of the ladder which Jacob saw, whose top reached to the heavens. Every treasure that wealth or art could bring was lavished upon its service ; gold and silver, and precious gems, and costly stuffs, and ceremonial dignity, and the richer offering of a mortified life, and chastened affections in its ministers. Before it burned a lamp which never went out by day or night, in token that the house was always watching to God, and announcing the most blessed presence of Him who never sleeps, but watches without weariness over the Church of His love. The candles which burned on the altar during the sacrifice told that Christ is the true light of the world, as Simeon long ago hailed Him, “ A light for the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel.” They also denoted that the adorable Eucharist is the consummation of charity, which refreshes others by the consumption of itself ; for Christ gave Himself as an offering for the sins of men.

On the epistle side of the choir were the sedilia, or seats for the officiating priest and his assistants ; and beyond them the piscina, or stone drain for the ablutions, the credence, also of stone, and ambries or lockers for the vessels used at the

high altar ; and, in parish churches, not unfrequently for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. On the opposite, or gospel side, was usually an altar tomb, for the ceremonies of the latter part of Holy Week. And all around the high altar, in the aisles and chauntries, at the eastern end of the church, were clustered the lesser altars, dedicated in honour of other saints, for the principal altar bore the name of the Patron of the church. And to it every part of the edifice was made subservient ; it, in fact, represented the soul of the whole system.

Lastly, the glorious fabric was surmounted by a tower, which, in the language of symbolism, signified the preachers and prelates of the Church, her bulwark and ornament and defence. The spire which commonly crowned it was terminated sometimes by a cross, but more often by a cock, the emblem of the watchfulness which should distinguish those who have the care of souls. "For the cock," says Durandus, "ever watchful even in the depth of night, giveth notice of the hours as they pass, wakeneth the sleepers, and predicteth the approach of day." The cock was also a sign of the universal dominion of S. Peter's chair. For you know that this bird has always been associated with the fall and the repentance of the chief of the apostles ; and it is related of

him, that he never afterwards could hear its voice without weeping. He is therefore often represented in old paintings and sculpture as attended by a cock.

Nor, in this rapid glance at the order and arrangement of a Catholic church, can we forget the joyful bells in the tower. The disciples of the new religion have retained some of them in its service, but how different is their monotonous funereal sound, from the varied, buoyant music of the ancient bells. These have been called the trumpets of the Church militant, with which she calls her sons together, and strikes alarm into the spirits of darkness. Whether she summons to prayer and sacrifice, or invites to festive joy, or to mourning, or recals three times a day the mystery of the Incarnation, or announces the consummation of the second Incarnation in the Blessed Eucharist, she gives to the hallowed bells a voice peculiar to each occasion. But this subject alone would require more than one of our readings for its own illustration, and I fear that I have already wearied you by too minute descriptions. It seems now almost like a magnificent dream to think of our own S. Giles' church containing all this mystic meaning, and all the noble beauty which it had while it was the home of the Blessed Eucharist. But nothing could more clearly prove that its excellence, nay,

its very existence, depended upon that mystery, than the mere sight of it now. A generation of men arose who renounced the Bread of angels as their spiritual sustenance, who abolished the daily sacrifice, and banished from its beautiful home the all-holy Presence which their fathers had loved so dearly. And lo! the whole fabric decays; its treasure is dissipated, its images and storied windows are shivered in fragments, its long mysterious aisles are turned to other uses, its chauntries are swept away, its bells utter no note of their former joy. A change has passed upon it, not unlike the departure of the soul from the body. Nothing is left but a dull unlovely mass without unity or arrangement of parts. I speak of course of the interior, for the external view is still imposing, though it wants the variety, and correct detail, and other characteristics of an unmutated Catholic edifice. But no one can enter it without the sad feeling, that though the venerable walls are there, the Divine Guest whom they once enclosed is no longer there, and that with Him all life, and beauty, and meaning, are gone. It needs not a Catholic eye to discover the loss of its sacred character. It is related of Dr Johnson, during his visit to Edinburgh, that as he was about to enter S. Giles', he turned to some one and said, Come, let us see what was once a church. Still it is for us a noble monument of the

love of our Catholic predecessors for the Blessed Eucharist ; and let us remember that this is the great lesson which the sight of an old church is meant to teach. We may admire the skill and genius and munificence of the founders, but these were but the means of expressing the deep, burning, inextinguishable love which possessed them for that transcendent mystery. Every time we pass by S. Giles' church let us think of this. Let us say to ourselves, it was to honour the Blessed Sacrament with the best of what poor men had to offer, that this old church was built. And with this thought let there come another, namely, that we are privileged to inherit what they esteemed so highly. Do we set a value on this possession as great as they did ? Does it ever cost us a moment's regret, when we are sitting at home in our own comfortable houses, that the Lord of Life, who condescends to dwell among us in the adorable Sacrament, should be so humbly lodged as in our present temples. If it does not, we are the degenerate sons of devoted forefathers, we are doubly unworthy of all that they have done for us.

I regret that these reflections on S. Giles' should have occupied us so long, but it was impossible to enter on them at all without going into some detail ; and, indeed, the subject is so vast, that a course of readings might well be de-

voted to it ; to-night we have only been able to take a very superficial view. We advance but slowly among the antiquities of Edinburgh ; there are so many associations that crowd upon us, every stone, as it were, teaches us its lesson, and recounts its history. But I hope that you will not find our progress tedious ; it is surely more likely to be useful than if we passed rapidly from one place to another, merely taking note of the names and events, and describing minutely the appearance of the buildings. This would be mere antiquarianism, which I have already disclaimed. While, on the other hand, to draw fanciful pictures of the past time, and, with no reference to our own present duties, to indulge in a sentimental regret over the ruins of antiquity, as some poets and novelists have set us an example, were a vain and foolish mode of spending time, unworthy of men whose duties are so pressing. Our business is with realities ; there are enough of them to engage all our thoughts ; and nowhere can we find them more important or more numerous than among our religious antiquities. Beauty and interest, and some romance, if you please, ever follow reality, as the shadow does the substance ; and in these accessories, I hope we shall sometimes find an agreeable relaxation.

## LECTURE IV.

✠ DEAR BRETHREN OF THE HOLY GILD;—Having now concluded our survey of S. Giles' church, and of the general symbolism of Catholic temples, let us pass to the parish church of S. Cuthbert.

The institution of parish churches in Scotland is more than a thousand years old. Among the Saxons, it seems to have had as early a date as their conversion to Christianity. Mention is made of a church in Edinburgh, within the diocese of Lindisfarne, in the 9th century, which probably stood in the castle, as we have already seen. As the city grew up around the fortress, the church of S. Giles became the centre of a parish, bounded by the ancient walls. It was not till the year 1584, that three other parish churches were added to it, by an act of common council.

On the outside of the walls, and nearly encircling the city, there lay the oldest and largest parish in Mid-Lothian, with its church, under the invocation of S. Cuthbert. Its age is greater than that of any record in Scotland. Chalmers supposes, that it may have existed since the 8th century; that is, a hundred years earlier than the first notice which history has preserved of a



church in Edinburgh. Before the reign of David I., it included within it the chapels of Crostorphin and of Liberton. Several grants made to it, in the early part of that king's reign, are recorded; one by the sovereign himself, who gave "to the church of S. Cuthbert, near the castle, the whole land under the same castle, viz., from the fountain which springs at the corner of the king's garden, by the path which led to the same church; and, on the other side, from the castle to another path under it, towards the east." When king David, in 1128, founded the abbey of Holy Rood, he bestowed on it, among other rich endowments, the church of S. Cuthbert, with the parish, and all things which belong to that church; . . . and with the two chapels which pertain to the same church of S. Cuthbert, viz., Crostorphin, with two bovates of land and six acres, and the chapel of Liberton, with two bovates of land . . . . and with the tithe of all the fishing which belong to the church of S. Cuthbert."\* This church was then the richest in Scotland except Dunbar. But from that time it became a vicarage, while the abbey drew the great tithes. It may not be uninteresting to you to know the meaning of the word vicarage. This is the second time that it has occurred in our

\* MAITLAND, Hist. Edin. p. 144.

readings ; for you may remember that the church of S. Giles became a vicarage to the abbey of Scone. The duty of paying tithes to the ministers of religion is of divine institution, and is far older than the law of Moses, which enjoined it on the Jews. In the patriarchal times, Abraham paid tithes of all his possessions to Melchisedec, who is called in holy Scripture the priest of the Most High God. You know that it is still one of the precepts of the church. "The payment of tithes," says the holy Synod of Trent, in its 25th Session, "is due to God ; and they who will not give them, or who hinder those who would do so, invade the property of another. The holy Synod, therefore, commands all persons, of whatever rank and condition they may be, whom the payment of tithes concerns, that for the future they shall pay them, as they are by law bound, to the cathedral, or other churches, or parsons, to whom they are lawfully due. And those who either defraud or hinder, let them be excommunicated, and not absolved from this crime except upon full restitution. It finally exhorts all and each, for the sake of Christian charity, and the duty which they owe to their pastors, that, out of the goods which God has given them, they largely assist the bishops and parish priests who are set over the smaller churches, for the glory

of God, and upholding the dignity of their pastors, who watch for their souls, that they may not be burdened.”\*

Tithes have usually been divided into parsonage and vicarage, or the greater and the smaller tithes, or tiends, as they are called in Scotland. The parsonage, or rectorial tithes, are the tenth of all kinds of corn, and belong to the parson or rector of the parish, for his service in the church. The vicarage tithes include all other produce, as cattle, fish, eggs, milk, grass, flax, hemp, and other things. Where no division of these had been made, both kinds belonged to the priest of the parish church. But when the tithes had been bestowed on some cathedral or religious house, as in the two instances which have come under our notice, the foundation to which they had been annexed came in the place of the parish priest, and received all the dues which had been formerly paid to him. At the same time, it was held bound to support a priest in the parish church, which was done either by paying him a fixed yearly salary, or by allowing him to draw the vicarage or lesser tithes. And hence he was called the vicar or representative of the owner of the great tithes, and the church was thenceforward called a vicarage. The vicar was some-

\* Cap. 12.

times one of the religious community which possessed the tithes, and sometimes a secular priest. This arrangement had no doubt in some instances occasioned abuses; and we find, in the reign of king James III., an act of the Scottish Parliament, in 1471, which forbade the continuance of the practice. And yet by an inconsistency which is surprising, it is permitted by the same act to purchase annexations and unions of any benefice that can be purchased, to be united to secular colleges, founded or to be founded; while to bishopricks, abbacies, and priories, such annexations must on no account be made, on pain of treason and excommunication.\* But to return to the church of S. Cuthbert.

Besides the high altar, it had several other altars, just like S. Giles'. Only a very imperfect account of these has come down to us.† In 1487, an annuity was granted for supporting a chaplain at the altar of S. Anne, in S. Cuthbert's church. And two years later, the vicar of Haddington gave various rents from tenements in Edinburgh, for the maintenance of a chaplain at the altar of the Holy Trinity there. Within the parish, also, there were chapels belonging to the mother church. S. Marie's chapel stood near

\* Laws and Acts of Parliament; Part i. 110.

† Caledonia, p. 731.

the West Port, at the west end of the King's Stables, which were situated just without the port or gate, on the south side of the road leading to S. Cuthbert's. The remains of this chapel, dedicated in honour of our Blessed Ladye, were visible not long ago, at the foot of the Chapel Wynd, on the north side, and towards the east end of Portsburgh. A large stone, projecting from the wall of the last house on the left hand of the wynd, is still pointed out as having belonged to it. Arnot has a curious note on this chapel, which I cannot forbear from quoting. He says, "It is owing to the superstitious awe of the people, that one stone of this chapel has been left above another; a superstition which, had it been more consistent in its operations, might have checked the tearing zeal of reformation. About thirty years ago, the proprietor of this ground employed masons to pull down the walls of the chapel; the scaffolding gave way; the workmen were killed; the accident was looked on as a judgment against those who were demolishing the house of God. No entreaties nor bribes by the proprietor could prevail upon workmen to accomplish its demolition."\* The next wynd is called the Ladye Wynd, perhaps from the same chapel, or, as some say, from a smaller

\* Hist. of Edinb. p. 250.

one, dedicated in honour of our Ladye of Loretto, but it is not mentioned by any historian. On the west side of the Chapel Wynd was the old royal tournament or tilting ground, where feats of knightly prowess could be seen from the windows of the castle above. \*

Not far from the southeast end of the Meadows, and near the nunnery of S. Katharine of Sienna, which will engage our attention by and bye, there was a chapel of S. John Baptist, also dependent on the church of S. Cuthbert. And further south, between the Grange, now occupied by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and Canaan, there stood a famous chapel, dedicated under the invocation of S. Roque. His name is still to be seen painted on the wall which bounds the road leading from the Grange to Morningside. This chapel belonged to the parish church of S. Cuthbert. Attached to it was a large cemetery, in which those who died of the plague in Edinburgh were buried. In 1532, the magistrates granted to Sir John Young, the chaplain, four acres in the Borough Moor, for the perpetual remembrance of those who had been buried there in his prayers, and for the repair of the chapel. The author of *Caledonia*, who was a protestant, remarks that "St Roque's chapel and its pertinents were converted, after the Reformation,

\* Hist. of Edinb. p. 250.

into private property, by those men who could deride the piety of their fathers, and had little other pretensions to religion than grimace and zeal." \* You will find that mention is made of the chapel of S. Roque in the 4th canto of the poem of Marmion. Few points of local interest could escape the observation of the Last Minstrel, though alas! his captivating strains are sometimes tuned to notes of defiance against our holy religion. Every vestige of the chapel and cemetery of S. Roque was swept away about thirty years ago, as I am informed. A small field, surrounded with trees, is pointed out as the ancient burying-place, about a hundred yards to the south of the road just mentioned.† One of the tombstones may be seen on the same road, at the back of a thatched cottage, two hundred yards west from the Grange gate. It is fixed in the ground like a milestone.

At Newhaven there was a chapel also connected with S. Cuthbert's church; it served for the accommodation of the fishermen, while the tithes were paid to the abbey of Holy Rood. Early in the 17th century, a new parish was formed there, by taking away part of the territory from S. Cuthbert's church. Another chapel,

\* Vol. ii. p. 781.

† A sketch of the chapel, as it stood more than half a century ago, may be found in GROSE'S Antiquities.

under the invocation of S. Ninian, stood within the parish of S. Cuthbert, near the site of the present Register Office, on the south east; but its origin and history are lost. S. Ninian's Row is the name given to a dark narrow street which runs between Waterloo Place and Leith Street, and is derived from the ancient chapel. In Arnot's time, its vaults remained, under a house in that neighbourhood. The font was removed in 1778 to Dean Haugh. \*

About three miles to the westward of Edinburgh, close to the road leading to Glasgow, stands the old church of Corstorphin, or Crosstorfin, as it was originally written. As one of the chapelries in S. Cuthbert's parish, it invites our attention. Its name is derived from a cross which was erected, in memory, perhaps, of a person called Torfin.† Early in the 12th century, the manor of Corstorphin had a chapel dependent on the church of S. Cuthbert, and it passed, as we have seen, with the mother church, into the possession of the abbey of Holy Rood. It remained a chapel till the middle of the following age. The bishop of S. Andrews then separated it from S. Cuthbert's, and erected it into a parish church, under James I. of Scotland. Sir John Forester, the Lord Chamberlain, founded a chapel in honour of S. John Baptist, his patron

\* Hist. of Edinb. 248. † Caledonia; ii. 763.



saint, in the churchyard of Crostorphin. In 1429 he endowed it as a collegiate church, for a provost, five prebendaries, and two choristers. The first provost died in 1470, and his epitaph still remains. After the change of religion, the parishes of Crostorphin and Gogyr were united, and the old collegiate church became the parish church. It still remains in tolerable preservation, and would well repay the trouble of a visit. There are some very fine monuments in it of knights in armour, and their ladyes in the dress of the age, reclining side by side; the ancient stone sedilia, or seats for the clergy, are still to be seen, and some curious heraldic carvings of the arms of the founder's family. It is built in the form of a cross, with a massive stone roof.

The chapel of Liberton is the only one that remains to be noticed. Its name is probably a corruption of Leper tun,\* which it received from an old hospital which once stood near Upper Liberton. The earliest account on record describes it as a chapel belonging to S. Cuthbert's church, probably dedicated in honour of our Blessed Ladye, as there is a spring near it called our Ladye's well. At the request of the abbat of Holy Rood, into whose possession it had come with the parish of S. Cuthbert, the bishop of S.

\* Caledonia; ii. 789.

Andrews erected it into a separate parish church, soon after 1240. There were within the parish two subordinate chapels, one of S. Katharine, surrounded by a consecrated burying-ground, and another of our Blessed Ladye, founded by Wauchope of Nidderie, the lord of the manor, in 1389. Near the site of the chapel of S. Katharine is the famous oily spring, still known by the name of S. Katharine's well. Its origin is ascribed to a miracle, and it is at least certain that, for many ages, an idea of sanctity has been associated with the place, and that the oil which floats on the water is still found a sovereign remedy for diseases of the skin. King James VI. esteemed the tradition of its origin so highly, that, when he visited Scotland in 1617, he went to see it, and ordered that it should be repaired, so as to afford easy access to the oil. In 1650, the soldiers of Cromwell defaced it; and "it was completely demolished early in the last century," as Chalmers remarks; and he further adds, "by some sacrilegious person, who was remarked by the neighbouring people not to have afterwards prospered." There are still some fragments of masonry about it, and the oil is as abundant as ever. It is a kind of petroleum, not improbably connected with some of the coal seams in that part of the country. This is not the only holy

well in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as we shall see before long.

These are the most interesting facts which the scanty records of the old parish church of S. Cuthbert supply. It is time that we should know something of the saint whose name was given to it. There were once many churches and chapels in the south of Scotland placed by a grateful people under his invocation; and at this day a whole county is named after him, Kirkcudbright, or the Church of Cudbert, from a church and burying-ground which stood near the principal town of the stewartry. The saint whom we are about to hear of was a monk and a bishop; names which, alas! in this country now, commonly suggest no idea but of self-indulgence and spiritual pride. So impossible is it to keep alive true impressions of things, without associating them with visible objects. Even when they are thus united with what we see, it is too easy to forget them; but when we wholly renounce such aid, the consequences are inevitable. It was therefore not without a deep instinct, that those who had formed the plan of introducing another gospel into this country began their unblest work by making war with the saints, by demolishing their images, and doing all that in them lay to divorce their names from the

buildings which had borne them for many ages. While those meek and gracious figures surrounded the people at church, and met them at so many turns in the public ways, it would have been hard to persuade the unsophisticated multitude that the blessed men whom they represented were the incarnation of evil, which its deceivers wished it to believe. A glance at the solemn effigies would undo the effects of many discourses. And therefore they must be destroyed, and churches must not be named after them. And yet the lingering love of the people is too strong even for such determined hostility wholly to overcome. It may be enacted, that the High Church, and the Tolbooth Church, and the Old Church, and the West Church, shall be henceforth the names of the edifices where the doctrines of the new religion are taught; but it is still common to call them after the old manner, S. Giles' and S. Cuthbert's.

Oh, if some who now revile the saintly bishops and monks of the middle ages could but behold them as they are in the glass of history, not distorted or coloured by a false medium of vision, but in the calm truthful light which an honest purpose is sure to shed around them, there would be less of cold indifference, not to speak of avowed hatred, to their memory and their faith.

But the work of the destroyer has been too complete; he has not only broken in pieces the stone and marble images which recalled the look of meekness and benignity which saints wore, but he has poisoned the fountains of knowledge. History in his hands reflects nothing truthfully, it gives back only the distorted phantoms which he throws upon it, from his own ill-informed and perverted imagination. And for his followers, poor witless ones, what wonder that they should not love, where they cannot even see the portraits of charity, and meekness, and self-renouncement, with which all holy history abounds. But that Catholics should be indifferent to the records of sanctity, let us not suppose such a thing possible. As persons often become like those whom they greatly admire, through the very force of fond imitation acting upon the material conformation of the body, so let us gaze in humble docility at the amazing portraits which antiquity offers to us at every turn. Though they are so numerous, yet there is no sameness, no tiresome repetition, in their expression. Each has some prevailing feature which especially attests it as a faithful likeness. We began with a holy queen, then we heard of a solitary in the wilds of France, and now we shall pass to the contem-

plation of a bishop, living on the rocks of the German Ocean.

I have had occasion more than once to mention the name of S. Aidan, the monk of Iona, who became the bishop of Northumbria, and the founder of the monastery of Holy Island. He established another religious house on the banks of the Tweed, which has been very famous in Scottish Church history; the monastery of Old Mailros, or Melros, as it is now called. "It was beautifully situated on the south side of the river Tweed," says the author of the *Monastic Annals of Teviotdale*,\* "which, taking a remarkable sweep, nearly encircles the ground on which it stood. The smooth sloping sides of this river peninsula, which rises to a gentle eminence in the centre, are gracefully contrasted with the opposite banks, which are high, abrupt, rocky, fringed with wild shrubs, and overhung with woods. In ancient times, when all the surrounding country was a thick forest, this spot is said to have presented an open surface of green turf, whence it derived its name, which is compounded of two Celtic words, *mull*, signifying bare, and *rhos*, a promontory. The agreeableness of the place, no less than its retired situation, must have recommended it to

\* P. 183.

the missionaries, who, settling here, first instructed the inhabitants of this part of Britain in the knowledge of the Christian religion." Old Mailros was founded by S. Aidan soon after the year 635. About the same time, and not far from this very monastery, S. Cuthbert was born. There is reason to think that his parents were humble people, for the little Cuthbert used to keep sheep on the mountains in the neighbourhood of Mailros. He was so charmed with the holy life of the monks there, that, when he was quite a boy, he would try to imitate their virtues, by watching and praying, even in the night time, as he had seen them do. Another holy monk, who lived not far from Lindisfarne, and must have known a great many of S. Cuthbert's friends, for he himself was fourteen years old when the saint died, has left a very minute account of his life. This monk's name is Venerable Bede, the oldest historian of the Anglo-Saxon Church. I shall sometimes cite his own words, for they give a more lively portraiture of what he describes, than we could gain in any other way. Thus, for instance, when he would record the remarkable event which happened in 651, and which led S. Cuthbert to give up every thing in the world, and to aspire to perfection in a monastery; sitting in his cell at

Jarrow, on the Tyne, about fifty years after it took place, he writes in this manner :

“ When the grace of Christ, which governs the life of the faithful, wished that His servant should submit to the power of a stricter rule of life, and thus merit the glory of a higher reward, it happened that in the far distant mountains he was keeping watch over the flocks committed to him. And one night, while his companions were asleep, he remained wakeful in prayer, as was his custom, and he suddenly saw a light poured from heaven, which broke in upon the darkness of the long night. In the midst of it, choirs of the heavenly hosts came down to the earth, and, taking along with them a soul of surpassing glory, without delay returned to the celestial country. The young man dear to God being greatly penetrated by this vision, with the desire of undertaking the grace of spiritual exercise, and of meriting among distinguished men eternal life and felicity, immediately gave praises and thanks to God, and with brotherly exhortation called on his companions to praise the Lord. ‘ Alas ! unhappy creatures that we are,’ he cried, ‘ who, given up to sleep and sloth, do not deserve to behold the light of Christ’s servants, who are ever waking. Lo ! I have seen such great wonders of God, while for a little time of the night I was



watching and praying. The gate of heaven is open, and the spirit of some saint has been borne thither by a company of attending angels, and he now for ever blessed, while we are dwelling in this deepest darkness, beholds the glory of the house above, and Christ its king. I think that this was some holy bishop, or some man distinguished among the faithful, whom I have seen carried up to heaven, in such splendour of light, and by choirs of so many attending angels.' With these words," continues Venerable Bede, "the man of God, Cudbercht, inflamed not a little the hearts of the shepherds in the service of the divine praise. He learnt in the morning that Aidan, the bishop of the church of Lindisfarne, a man of great virtue, had, at that very time of his vision, been dismissed from his body, and had passed to the heavenly kingdom. So he gave up the flocks which he tended to their owners, and determined to go into a monastery." \*

He immediately repaired to Mailros. Eata, the abbat, was not at home, but S. Boisil, the prior, or second officer in the house, still known by the corruption of his name, S. Boswell, received him with kindness. When the abbat came home, he was admitted to the tonsure, which marked him as devoted for life to the service of religion. He

\* Vita S. Cudb. cap. 4.

began to study the sacred scripture, and to practise the rule of the monastery with great fervour, under the direction of the holy prior. Presently Eata was appointed abbat of Ripon, in Yorkshire, and Cuthbert accompanied him as the hospitaller, or brother, whose office it was to entertain the strangers who asked the hospitality of the good monks. About ten years after he had become a religious, we find him again at Mailros with Eata and Boisil. Three years later, that is, in 664, the monastery was visited by a prevailing pestilence, which brought Cuthbert to the very brink of the grave, and left a weakness and disease behind it from which he never recovered. His dear master Boisil, too, was taken from him by death, but not before he had foretold that his disciple should one day be a bishop. He bequeathed to him the habit of devoting some time every day to the study of S. John's Gospel, which S. Cuthbert practised during the rest of his life. After Boisil's decease, he was made prior of Mailros. His labours, not only within the house, but among the villages and hamlets around it, were unceasing. He preached to the ignorant inhabitants, and won numbers of them by the very sweetness of his countenance, and his eloquent words, to confess their sins and do penance for them. But Scotland was not long to have the

benefit of his zeal. After a few months, Eata was set over the monastery of Lindisfarne, and Cuthbert went with him to assist him in governing it, as prior. "During the fifteen years of his government of this monastery," says Cressy, in his *Church History of Brittany*, \* "the odour of S. Cuthbert's virtues and graces dispersed itself far beyond the bounds of his solitude; inso-much, as many resorted to him to receive comfort in their afflictions, or light in their doubts and apprehensions. If we would be informed of the manner of his life, we shall only need to read the most perfect precepts of a monastical conversation, and conceive them to be exemplified in his. His whole employment was to perfectionate his own soule and the soules of those committed to his charge, by solitude, both externall and internall; by continuall silence, except when devotion to God, or charity to his neighbour, opened his lips; by zeale and authority of a governor, joyned with the humility of a monk; by an uninterrupted attendance to God in spirit, even in the midst of externall business; by an angelicall purity of heart; by rigorous mortification of the flesh, fastings, watchings, and the rest. And as for the wonderful graces communicated by Almighty God unto him, by which he was enabled

\* xix. 1.

to penetrate into the thoughts of such as conversed with him, to foretel future events, miraculously to cure the diseased, yea, and to raise the dead, of these things, testified by great authority, the reader may have recourse to the compilers of his life, among whom the principall is S. Bede, to be informed."

The saint lived twelve years in the monastery of Lindisfarne, and at the end of that time, aspiring to more perfect union with God and disengagement from the world, he withdrew into solitude; first, in a retired hermitage not far from the monastery, and afterwards on the lonely island rock of Farne, situated in the German ocean, opposite Bamborough, in Northumberland, about two miles from the coast, and nine from Holy Island.\* There he built a rude cell and oratory for himself on the side furthest from the coast; and, for the brethren who came now and then from his monastery to visit him, he erected a little cottage, near the cove where they landed. He passed eight years on this wild spot, in uninterrupted acts of mortification, and compunction, and divine praise.

\* This island gives its name to a cluster of rocks which have lately become celebrated for the heroism of Grace Darling, in rescuing some of the passengers of the Forfarshire steam-boat from destruction, in 1838.

The church of Northumbria was then much distracted by contentions and rivalries among her prelates, which it would take too long time to describe particularly. It is enough to say, that, in the year 684, Tunberct, bishop of Hexham, was deposed by a council of bishops assembled at Twiford, and S. Cuthbert was elected to fill his vacant see. But no persuasion could prevail upon the humble solitary to accept the dignity, till the king himself, and many of the prelates who had sat in the council, sailed over to Farne, and in a manner compelled him to accompany them, and receive episcopal consecration. This was conferred upon him at York, at the time of Easter, in the next year. His former abbot, Eata, was then bishop of Lindisfarne; but, to gratify S. Cuthbert's desire to be near the scenes which a life of many years among them had endeared to him, he surrendered to the saint the pastoral staff of Lindisfarne, and went to rule over the church of Hexham instead.

And now the prophecy of his beloved master, Boisil, spoken on his death-bed more than twenty years before, is fulfilled, and Cuthbert, the poor shepherd boy, the devout monk, the meek ascetic solitary, wears the mitre and pastoral staff, and is one of the princes of the church. Riches and honours were lavished upon him, and on his see,

for his sake, by Egfrid, the Northumbrian king. But nothing could change his love of holy poverty and of retirement ; and doubtless his thoughts often returned to his favourite solitude on Farne island, while he was going up and down through his diocese preaching and confirming. When the king bestowed lands upon him, he immediately employed them in the endowment of monasteries. Here is another portrait which Venerable Bede has bequeathed to us, of the blessed Cuthbert, in his new character as a bishop. “ When he had received the rank of a bishop, he adorned it with works of virtues, in imitation of the blessed Apostles. He protected the people committed to his care, by his unwearying prayers, and called them to heaven by salutary admonitions. And, which is usually the best aid to those who teach, he taught what was right to be done, and he himself was the first to show the way by doing it.”\* “ He was, moreover, and

\* The remarkable resemblance between this picture and the sketch which the poet of the *Deserted Village* has given of the country pastor, tempts me to cite the latter :

——“ In his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched, he prayed, he wept, he felt for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

above all, consumed with the fire of Divine charity, modest in the virtue of patience, most assiduously given to the devotion of prayer, affable to all who came to him for consolation, performing this office even instead of praying, if he could give some of the riches of his comfort to his infirm brethren ; knowing that He who said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, said also, Thou shalt love thy neighbour. He was remarkable for chastising himself by abstinence ; by the grace of compunction he was also lifted up to heavenly things, and when he offered to God the sacrifice of the Victim of salvation, he commended all his desires to God, not in a loud voice, but with tears pouring from his inmost heart.”\* Ven. Bede was about twelve or thirteen years old, when the saint was visiting and confirming in the very diocese where he lived, and it is not improbable that he may have received the sacrament of confirmation from his holy hands. It was then that S. Cuthbert laid the foundation of that deep affection in the hearts of the people whom he ruled over, to which we are indebted for so many interesting monuments of him all over the lowlands of Scotland and the north of England. He probably trod the soil of Mid-Lothian ; his eye has rested,—it is now eleven hundred and fifty years ago,—on

\* Hist. Eccl. iv. 28.

the picturesque features of our landscape. He would go to the church which stood in the castle; for half a century had elapsed since king Edwin had fortified it anew. And there he would gather around him the little handful of Christians who then confessed the true faith in this wild northern part of the country. And we can easily imagine, though no record is preserved, how tenderly the holy bishop would welcome the children who came and knelt around him, to receive the imposition of his hands, and the unction of blessed chrism in the sacrament of confirmation. And many years after his eyes were closed in death, they would talk to each other, and when they grew up to be men and women, would tell their children about the pale sickly bishop Cuthbert, with the gentle countenance, so full of humility and love for all, who came all the way from Holy Island to see them, and give them his blessing, and went back to his lone dwelling on the rock to die. They would remind one another how he wept when he said mass for them, and how sweet and holy his discourse seemed to them, children as they were, when they stood around him before the altar. Thus a love for his memory took deep root here, and his name was given to the parish church under the castle; for in those times men were too single-hearted to be able to separate



true devotion from its outward expression. When they felt, they acted. The popular veneration for S. Cuthbert was no doubt aided by the piety and munificence of the Northumbrian kings. And the fame of his later history and miracles was not confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Holy Island.

But we must hasten onwards to the close of S. Cuthbert's life. He had spent more than twenty years in frequent sickness, and privations, and incessant labours for Christ. And now the end of all these drew near. He had filled the see of Lindisfarne only two years and a half, when, feeling assured that the time of his death was approaching, he resigned his charge, and returned to Farne, to prepare his soul for his last change. There was a holy hermit, called S. Herbert, who lived on an island in Derwent-water, near Keswick, and he was a dear friend of S. Cuthbert. The last time the two friends met on earth, the bishop told Herbert that he should soon be taken to rest. Then the hermit besought him, for the sake of the long friendship that had united them, to obtain for him, by his prayers, the favour of departing to our Lord at the same time. This was granted, as he desired, and the two friends passed away together on the same day, one from his little island in Derwent-

Water, the other from his wild rock on the coast of Northumberland.

After the festival of Christmas 686, S. Cuthbert took a last farewell of the monastery of Lindisfarne, on his way to Farne. As he stepped into the boat which was waiting to carry him over, a monk asked him when the brethren might expect his return. "When you bring back my dead body," was his reply. At the end of two months he was attacked by sickness. Herefrid, the abbat of Lindisfarne, who told Ven. Bede all the particulars of his decease, often went over with some of the monks to see the dying saint. He talked to them with the greatest composure of his death. His earnest wish was to be buried in the island of Farne; but at last he gave way to the repeated prayers of the monks that his body might rest among them at Lindisfarne. He enjoined them to lay him in the stone coffin which the abbot Cudda had given him, and to wrap him in the winding sheet which he had received from the abbess Verca. When the monks were about to return to Holy Island, they wished to leave some one behind to wait upon the saint; but he desired to remain alone. For five days, no boat could approach the island, owing to the stormy weather; and as soon as it became calmer, the brethren set out for Farne, anxious about the

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state of their dear father. He was still alive, and had crept down from his cell to the hut which he had built for the guests from Lindisfarne. They gave him a little food and wine, and by his desire carried him back to his little oratory. Herefrid, the abbat, who told every thing to Ven. Bede, shall narrate the rest :—

“ I went in to him about the ninth hour of the day, and found him lying in a corner of his oratory, opposite the altar; and I sat down beside him. He said little, for the weight of his sickness had made it very difficult for him to speak. But when I asked him if there was any last word which he would leave as a farewell to his brethren, he began to say a few things, but much to the purpose, about peace and humility, and that they should beware of persons who would rather fight with them than cherish them. Ever keep peace and divine charity among yourselves, he said; and when you are obliged to hold council regarding your state, look attentively, that you may be unanimous in your counsels. Have mutual concord with other servants of Christ, and despise not those of the household of faith who come to you for hospitality; but take care to receive and keep such, and dismiss them with familiarity and kindness, on no account thinking yourselves better than others your associates in the same faith and life. Know

and remember that, if you are forced by necessity to choose one of two adverse things, I would much rather that you should take up my bones from the tomb and carry them away with you, and remain as inhabitants of the place which God shall provide, than that you should consent to the impiety of schismatics, and submit your necks to their yoke. The Catholic statutes of the fathers most diligently learn and observe, and anxiously practice also the things which, through my ministry, the divine goodness has deigned to teach you as a rule of the religious life. I know that though I have appeared in life contemptible to some, yet, after my death, it will appear what I was, and you shall see that my doctrine is not to be contemned.

“These, and like things,” continues Herefrid, “the man of God said at intervals; for, as I said, the strength of his infirmity had made speaking difficult to him. And so he passed a quiet day, in the expectation of the coming beatitude, till the evening, through which, and also through the night, he watched for the same with prayers. When the usual time for the nocturnal prayer was drawing near, he received the sacraments of salvation from my hands, and fortified his departure with the communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord; and, raising his eyes to hea-

ven, and stretching out his hands on high, he gave up his soul, intent on the praises above, to the joys of the celestial kingdom.

“I immediately went out and reported his decease to the brethren who had passed the night in watching and prayer, and who then happened, according to the order of the nocturnal praises, to be saying the 59th Psalm, which begins, *Deus repulisti nos*—O God, thou hast cast us off. Without delay one of them ran and lit two candles, and, holding one in each hand, he mounted to a high place, to shew to the brethren who remained at Lindisfarne, that the holy soul had passed to our Lord; for they had agreed among themselves on this sign of his holy departure. And when the brother saw it, who had been looking for the hour of this event, watching on the tower of the island, far off on the other side, he ran quickly to the church, where the whole community of the brethren was assembled to celebrate the solemnities of the nocturnal psalmody.”

After a short digression, the abbat concludes, “We laid the venerable body of our father in a boat, and carried it to the island of Lindisfarne. It was received by a great company of persons who met it, and by choirs of singers; and we deposited it in the church of the blessed apostle

Peter, on the right side of the altar, in a sarcophagus of stone." \*

The day of his departure was the 20th of March 687. In the Roman Martyrology this day is marked as the "Deposition of S. Cuthbert, bishop of Lindisfarne, who, from his boyhood till his decease, was glorious for his holy works and the signs of miracles." He was probably not older than fifty years, of which he had lived thirty-six in religion. Eleven years afterwards, his body was found uncorrupted, and the vestments in which he had been buried, fresh and entire. Several other miracles attested his sanctity. His precious remains lay for nearly two centuries in the church of Holy Island.

But in 875, the Danes attacked it, and drove the monks from their home. They took with them the holy body of S. Cuthbert, still entire, and wandered for seven years from place to place. They embarked on the west coast of England, to sail over to Ireland, hoping to find shelter there; but a storm arose which drove them on the coast of Galloway, near Whitherne. A richly bound copy of the gospels fell into the sea, but was washed ashore some days after, and is now preserved in the British Museum in London. The monks came, among other places, to Mail-

\* Vita S. Cudb. 39 and 40.

ros in their travels, and finally, in 883, deposited their burden at Cuneacestre, or Chester le Street, some miles south from Newcastle, between Durham and Darlington. There they built a large church of wood, and transferred the cathedral of the diocese to it. King Alfred, a name dear to the hearts of the English, had a particular devotion to the memory of S. Cuthbert, and granted to his church, for his sake, all the land between the Tyne and the Wear. It was ever after called the Land or Patrimony of S. Cuthbert. The inhabitants were exempted from all servitude and obligation to attend the king in his wars, for "they sayd that they were halywerke folks," as Cressy informs us, "and that they held their land for the defence of the body of S. Cuthbert."

In 995, the alarm of the Danes again sent them into exile. They took refuge in Ripon, and on their return to Chester le Street, not long after, they were directed supernaturally to remain at Dunholme or Durham, where a magnificent church soon arose, which at last afforded a home for the remains of the saint.

It would take long to tell of the translation of his relics, and of the riches which the piety of ages lavished on his shrine. Suffice it to allude to its defacement in the reign of Henry VIII., and to the belief which exists, that the body

of the saint still rests in the abbey church of Durham. God speed the day when it shall be again enshrined with glory and honour ! The poet, whom we often cite, shall sing to us in his delightful measure the wanderings of S. Cuthbert, and his arrival at Durham :—

“ Nor did Saint Cuthbert’s daughters fail  
To vie with these in holy tale ;  
His body’s resting-place, of old,  
How oft their patron changed, they told ;  
How, when the rude Dane burned their pile,  
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle :  
O’er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,  
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
Seven years’ Saint Cuthbert’s corpse they bore.

They rested them in fair Melrose ;  
But though alive he loved it well,  
Not there his reliques might repose :  
For wondrous tale to tell !

In his stone coffin forth he rides,  
( A ponderous bark for river tides )  
Yet light as gossamer it glides  
Downward to Tillmouth cell.

Nor long was his abiding there,  
For southward did the saint repair ;  
Chestre-le-Street and Rippon saw  
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw

Hailed him with joy and fear ;  
And after many wanderings past,  
He chose his lordly seat at last,  
Where his Cathedral, huge and vast,  
Looks down upon the Wear :



There, deep in Durham's gothic shade,  
His reliques are in secret laid ;  
But none may know the place,  
Save of his holiest servants three,  
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
Who share that wondrous grace.\* \*

The stories of ancient writers, like Ven. Bede, leave behind them an impression like that of low, solemn music heard beneath gothic vaults at the evening hour. We fear to utter a word, lest the charm of its recollection should be broken. But as our aim at all times is to associate some useful lesson with each fragment of antiquity in our city, I cannot conclude without suggesting to you, that the history of the church of S. Cuthbert strongly recalls to us the veneration of our forefathers for their prelates. S. Cuthbert was connected with many places by different ties ; with Edinburgh and the surrounding country he is associated as its bishop. He ruled over it for only two years and a half, and yet his name will never be forgotten in it. Who then presumes to say, that the authority of bishops is foreign to the character of Scotsmen ? The gentle rule of paternal discipline, indeed, is in one sense foreign to the unhappy exile, whom disobedience has banished from home and peace, but his happy childhood is a witness against the

\* Marmion, ii. 14.

insubordination of his later years. And we who dwell under the mild dominion of our Christian prelates, have much to do to imitate the reverence and affection which Catholics of old cherished towards their spiritual fathers in Christ. These dispositions were marked by the absence of all censoriousness, by a cheerful co-operation in their labours of love, by a profound veneration for their very persons. And of these rare proofs of obedience to the divine command, I think the parish church of S. Cuthbert is to us a remarkable witness.





## LECTURE V.

✠ DEAR BRETHREN OF THE HOLY GILD ;—Beneath the shadow of the Castle rock, there lies one of the oldest and most venerable relics of antiquity in Edinburgh ; safe in its nature from the ravages of time and man's ruthless violence ; a link with the past, to which each succeeding age can only add strength and dignity. I mean the churchyard of S. Cuthbert's. It is related in the *Ages of Faith*, a book which I am never tired of recommending to your notice, that, “ when the Calvinist ministers came to two poor villages of the principality of Neuchâtel, Landeron and Cressier, to tempt their faith, the inhabitants showed them the cemetery where their fathers slept, and declared that in the day of judgment they wished to rise with them, confessing the same gospel.” And no less to us is our own old churchyard a most persuasive advocate for steadfast attachment to the Catholic faith. It is more

than a thousand years ago since S. Cuthbert's parish church first stood under the castle ; it is hardly three hundred since the novelties now so popular were first taught in this country. Think how thickly seven hundred years would people a churchyard ; how one generation after another would descend into it, and still others would arise, and, after their brief time, would take their places beneath the green sward. Many, many, alas ! of those who were laid here claim no thought but of profound pity for the eternal ruin which has overwhelmed them ; but our mind dwells with an interest ever fresh on the recollection of the goodness, the purity, the charity, which once animated the living bodies whose very dust now numbers centuries. They were baptized in the same divine Name, and were taught the same sublime lessons as ourselves. When they grew older, the unction of holy chrism, and the imposition of episcopal hands, conferred new grace for the approaching struggle of life. Their ever-failing strength they refreshed with the same ghostly food as ourselves, and in the same tribunal of salutary penance they wept and vowed amendment. Then the Church blessed their youthful affection, and taught them, by her own example, how to train children for Christ. In suffering, their religion soothed them ; in

sorrow it comforted them, and supported them in their last passage. For the final and terrible conflict, blessed unction again braced the limbs of the Christian combatants; and the viaticum of the Body of our Lord was imparted to them, to defend them from the malignant enemy, and to bring them to eternal life. And kind hearts, bound to theirs by the ties of nature and of grace, watched round the couch of the departing, and prayed long and fervently after the spirit had passed, and by many ingenious methods made commemorations of them, after their places on earth had been forgotten. This inevitable progress from birth to the grave was enlivened by many a happy festal light and sound. Christmas brought its merry associations, softened by the solemnities witnessed at church; and the more thoughtful joy of Easter, perhaps, knew no equal, except in the place where day ends not. And ever and anon, along the holy cycle of the Church's year, there would dawn some blessed holiday, inviting them to rest from their labour till its close, and making the burden of their daily toil lighter by its anticipations and recollections. And the alternation of penitential seasons reminded them of the beatitude which is promised to mourners. This was the life of them who now sleep not very far from us. Is there

any thing more attractive in the temptations which the teachers of the new opinions offer to us. Alas ! the sad, hardened countenances, which meet us on the streets, prove that a dull routine of life, unvaried and unrefreshed by one glimpse of the heavenly world, except perchance in a cold and formal meeting once a week, is all that we can hope for from them. And so, when they would allure us, we lead them to the churchyard ; we point to the heaps of dust now covered from sight, which mark the resting-place of our predecessors ; and we beseech them to judge, whether it can be expected that we should renounce all that is so holy and venerable, and so filled with consolation and tenderness elsewhere unimaginable, for the empty hollow show of good which they offer to us. We are content that our appeal should lie here ; let the dead decide. Those poor Swiss villagers had more wisdom than many reasoners at this day. “ And it is not to one cemetery that we should point,” says the same author as I just now cited ; “ but we refer you to the soil which covers the generations of sixteen centuries, from which the holy and the just, clothed even to their fleshly weeds with the symbols of Catholicism, will rise to life and glory.”

It is true that no monument exists, to tell of the virtues of those who rest beneath. All now

is bare and undefined. For, as Weever observes, “in the never conquered nation of Scotland, where at this time religion is doubly refined, pure and spotlesse, without ceremonie, and plaine as a pike staffe without a surplice, of the Funerall monuments which are there to be found, there are but few; for by my owne observation, in the famous maiden citie of Edenborough, and in the parish churches of other towns, the sepulchres of the dead are shamefully abused, or quite taken away; yea, and the churches themselves, with religious houses and other holy places, violated, demolished, or defaced.”\* But to the eye of reverent affection no monument is needed. It is enough to know that the Catholic dead are here. We read in holy history of the names of many who, though immortalized by no epitaph, yet lived in the traditions of the neighbouring country. Thus “at Bretigny, the memory of the ladye of Berthevin, who died in 1587, was always in great veneration there, though there was no longer any one of her family in the country. The spot where she had been buried was known by tradition, though it was marked by no monument; and the people generally loved to repeat her name, as that of a holy woman

\* *Funeral Monuments*, p. 104. Weever was a protestant, and wrote about the year 1631.



who had made a blessed end. In like manner, the wife of Bouchard de Montmorency, who died in the 14th century, being represented on a tomb in the church of Houssaye, without any name or inscription, was nevertheless known by the people to have been named Anne; and so strong was the tradition of her holy life that when the Abbé Lebœuf wrote his history of the diocese of Paris, he says, they used always to speak of her as the ladye S. Anne.\* The most lasting monuments of the Christian dead are their virtues, and the deposit of Faith which they handed down to their successors. Perhaps it may be rather for their sakes than for any merit of ours, that, through a night of peril and storms, the divine institutions of our religion still survive among us. In this view these also may serve to remind us of the vast multitude of faithful brethren whom our old churchyard retains till the day of doom.

We have already observed in our ancient churches a kind of vital principle, if I may so say, which resists the efforts of natural decay; and it seems as if nature itself lends its aid to perpetuate and beautify the cemeteries of the Christian dead. They often outlast every fragment of the church or rustic chapel which they once surrounded. Often, upon the lone hillside, far from human

\* Mor. Cath. vi. 3.

dwelling, the traveller suddenly comes upon a quiet enclosure, adorned with luxuriant foliage, where generations of the dead have slept for ages, with perhaps no record older than a century ago, and not a stone remaining of the holy fabric. Law and custom unite with Christian instinct in protecting these enclosures from harm. Even the persons whom the law has invested with the power of removing the parish church from one site to another, when circumstances require such a change, cannot touch the sacred soil of the churchyard. We have lived indeed to see roads of iron, as the French call them, carried through the middle of our burying grounds; but such an intrusion had to be sanctioned by parliament, on the plea of public usefulness. The antiquity of Scottish churchyards, and the care taken of them, struck Dr Southey as strongly at variance with the boasted simplicity and absence of ceremony in the funeral rites of the nation. "In Scotland," he remarks, "where the common rites of sepulture are performed with less decency than in any other Christian country, the care with which family burying-grounds in the remoter parts of the country are preserved, may be referred as much to national feeling as to hereditary pride." \* This is only

\* The Doctor; iii. 287.

another instance, among many that have already met us, of the superiority of nature to the trammels of theory and a false philosophy. And in the very act of vindicating her own rights, she also pleads for many despised practices which the ancient religion of this country taught its children. For the voice of religion is ever in unison with nature, because both are the creation of the same Almighty Maker. And when religion is denied her right to direct and control the impulses of nature, a cold and unamiable rationalism, or a superstition, more or less degrading, according to the circumstances of national character and condition, is sure to result. The holy synod of Trent defines superstition to be "a false imitation of real piety;" and accordingly, in the wild and mysterious awe which the uneducated mind in Scotland and other countries associates with the pageant of death,

" The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,  
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,"

there are the seeds of the elevating faith, and the consistent practice of the Catholic Church, in regard to her departed children. The modern teachers, who would reduce every thing to abstract reasoning, and would treat the affections and the imagination as given only to be destroyed, not cultivated, find themselves powerless here.

There is no teacher but the Catholic Church that can bring men to look on death and its fearful array with steady composure, and that can so soften the ghastly shadows which attend it, as to make them seem reflections from the glory which lies beyond the reach of our mortal vision.

Hence those beautiful rites which mark the closing scene on earth ; the litanies of commendation for the parting soul ; the blessed candles ; and the devout waking, when every thing is so arranged that the poor helpless corpse is never abandoned till the grave has been sealed over it. Hence also the solemn blessing of hallowed earth, which you find in the pontifical, and which has not long ago been revived in Britain, for the first time since the change of religion. Hence the obits and the month's minds, as they were called, those monthly and annual commemorations of the deceased, which formed the principal occupation of many of the ministers of the altar. All had one aim ; to seize and direct those vivid fancies, and impulses merely natural, which, on a theme so all-engrossing, and where much is wrapped in profound mystery, would burst through all control, and run wild and lawless through every maze of superstitious extravagance, unless provided with spiritual guidance. And, having curbed them, it was the design of the Church

to turn them to the account of the poor soul, who needed every aid which charity could devise.

I hoped to have had time to-night to examine with you in detail the rites of Christian sepulture, with the view of establishing this position beyond the danger of being called in question. But I regret to find that the limits of our reading will not suffice for its full development; and it will not bear abridgement, for the argument rests, of necessity, on the concurrence of a number of distinct details. With reluctance, then, I am obliged to leave it till we visit the abbey of Holy Rood, when we shall have another opportunity of observing the arrangement of an old Catholic cemetery.

You have heard one story of a churchyard, and of the use which the Swiss villagers made of it, in their reply to the men who would have tempted them to renounce their faith. Let me tell you another story, of a visit which Luther paid to the grave of a poor friar whom he had known. Mr Digby shall relate what happened:—

“Luther, arriving on the eve of Palm Sunday at Erfurth, descended at the convent of the Augustines, where, a few years before, he had taken the habit. It was nightfall; a little wooden cross over the tomb of a brother whom he had known, and who had lately departed sweetly to our Lord,

struck his attention, and troubled his soul. He was himself no longer the poor friar, travelling on foot and begging his bread. His power equalled that of Charles V., and all men had their eyes on him. That morning, on his march, he had sung the famous war-hymn, which Heyne compares to the Marseillaise, and the emperor was about to resist him, as he said in his imperial rescript, ‘though at the peril of his own blood, of his dignity, and of the fortune of the empire.’ The triumphant innovator was recalled to himself for an instant, by seeing the tomb of a faithful brother. He pointed it out to Dr Jonas: ‘See, there he rests, and I——.’ He could not finish. After a little while he returned to it, and sat down on the stone, where he remained more than an hour, and till Amsdorf was obliged to remind him that the convent bell had tolled the hour for sleep. Well might the heart in which such tempests were still gathering have wept at the image of that quiet grave.”\*

At the foot of Leith Wynd there stands a venerable church, now nearly 400 years old, outwardly unmutilated, and a valuable study for the lovers of this style of building. It was founded in 1462, by Mary, the daughter of Arnold, Duke

\* Mor. Cath. x. 8.

of Gueldres, and Queen Dowager of James II. Her nuptials had been celebrated with great rejoicings in 1449; eleven years afterwards, her royal husband was killed at the seige of Roxburghe Castle, then possessed by the English. Her firmness on that occasion, and during the few remaining years of her own life, proves her to have been a princess of no ordinary strength of mind. She took an active part in the government of her kingdom for her son, then a child; and died in 1463.

In 1462, she formed the design of endowing a church and hospital near Edinburgh. The letters which she addressed to the bishop of S. Andrews, James Kennedy, announcing her pious purpose, and praying him to confirm it, throw much light on the intention with which such gifts to the Church were usually made. I shall offer you several extracts from them. \*

The beginning is in these words; "Mary, by the grace of God, Queen of Scotland, to the Reverend Father in Christ, the Lord James, by the grace of God, and of the apostolic see, bishop of S. Andrews, our dearest cousin, whom we reverence with honour becoming such a Father; Therefore, know ye, Reverend Father,

\* MATTLAND; *ut supra*, p. 207

that for the praise and honour of the Holy Trinity, of the ever blessed and glorious Virgin Mary, of S. Ninian, Confessor, and of all the Saints and elect of God; we, the aforesaid Mary, with consent and assent of the illustrious prince and lord, James, our son, the invincible king of Scotland, and in perpetual memory hereof, for the health of the soul of the late illustrious prince, James, king of Scots, our late husband, of pious memory; likewise for the souls of all the kings and queens of Scotland, deceased; also for the health of the illustrious prince our son, James, the present king of Scotland; for the health of our own soul, and of our father and mother, our ancestors, and of all the sons and daughters succeeding to and descending from them; and for the health of the Reverend Father in Christ, the Lord James, present bishop of S. Andrews, our dearest cousin; and for the souls of all those whom consanguinity, affinity, or benefits have endeared to us; and of all those whom we have any ways offended in this life, to whom we are obliged to make satisfaction; and for the souls of all the faithful deceased.

“ We hereby make, constitute, and ordain, and for ever found a provostry for a provost, who shall preside in the government of the collegiate



church, both in respect to the choir and divine worship performed therein, with eight prebendaries or priests, and two boys or clerks ; with a sufficient maintenance here under specified."

Here follows an enumeration of the lands which the queen gave for the endowment of the prebendal stalls. These were separate from one another, each prebendary enjoying the right of managing his own revenues. The queen also attached to the church an hospital for thirteen poor men, which she enriched with several donations of money. The first prebendary had the title of Master of the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, near Edinburgh. The second was called the sacristan.

The duties of these clergy are accurately defined in the same letters. Among others, "the prebendaries aforesaid shall daily sing the matins, high mass, vespers, and compline, by note ; and the provost shall on all festivals be present at the celebration of the said matins, mass, and vespers." Strict rules are added, enforcing residence and a blameless life among the prebendaries. The provost was appointed by the crown ; and the prebendaries by the provost and the chapter. "We further appoint and ordain," continue the letters, "that whenever any of the said prebendaries shall read mass, he shall, after the same, in his

sacerdotal habiliments, repair to the tomb of the foundress, with a sprinkler, and there devoutly read over the *De profundis*, together with the *Fidelium*, and an exhortation to excite the people to devotion.

“ We likewise appoint and ordain, that the matins, from the feast of Pentecost to that of S. Michael, shall begin at five of the clock in the morning ; and from the feast of S. Michael to Pentecost, shall begin at six in the morning ; and as soon as the said matins shall be ended, the weekly mass shall be celebrated at the altar of the Blessed Virgin ; and that mass be weekly said in the chapel of the hospital at nine of the clock, for the infirm poor therein.

“ We also will and ordain, that the said provost and prebendaries, during our lifetime, devoutly keep an anniversary for the illustrious prince, James, late king of Scots, our most tender husband ; and after our demise, on the days of our respective obits, in all times coming, to sing and celebrate his and our anniversaries, for us, our children, ancestors, and successors ; and also, for the aforesaid reverend father in Christ, James, the present bishop of S. Andrew’s, after his decease.”

These letters are dated March 25, 1462 ; in

the following month, the bishop of S. Andrews confirmed all their provisions, by his episcopal authority. The church and hospital were generally called the Queen's College.

The foundress was buried in the north aisle of the church. Owing to the unsettled state of the country, Sir Edward Boncle, the first provost, was soon obliged to apply to Parliament for assistance in enforcing payment of his rents in Teviotdale. \* James IV., in 1502, granted some lands in Stirlingshire to the church. The provost sat in the Parliament of June 1526. In 1567, the Earl of Moray, then regent of Scotland, gave to Sir Simon Preston, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Trinity college church, with all that belonged to it. He bestowed it on the city. Robert Pont, the last provost, in 1585, sold all the remaining rights that he had in the foundation, which James VI. confirmed two years afterwards. The change of the college and hospital into their more recent form does not belong to our present enquiries. When the old religion was abolished, the revenues of the church amounted to £362 Scots yearly.

This is the only old sacred building in Edinburgh on which the eye can rest, with the sa-

\* Caledonia ; ii. 762.

tisfaction of knowing that its outward appearance is little changed since it came from the architect's hands. For this reason it is a much better example of the general arrangement of a church, even unfinished as it is, than S. Giles'. You will trace distinctly in the choir or eastern part, the head of the cross, and the two transepts or cross parts represent its arms. The nave was never built. For it was not unusual with devout persons, in that age of church-building, to erect as much as they could finish well and solidly, and to leave the rest to the munificence of those who should come after them; and they were seldom disappointed, as the varied styles of many of our old churches can bear witness. The fragment of this church is about ninety feet long, and thirty broad. Its admirable proportion and details are worthy of a visit. Owing to its sheltered situation, the carving of some parts of the building is as sharp as on the day it left the hands of the masons. An examination of it, both without and within, is one of the few treats which the lovers of pointed architecture can enjoy in this place. Though there is much to distress, yet there is also much to refresh their hearts. And if it is true that it is doomed to give way to the inexorable demand for improvement in that

part of the city, it becomes still more an object of interest to the Christian architect and antiquarian.

Only one collegiate church now remains to be noticed; the church of S. Marie in the fields, or as it was popularly called, the Kirk of Field. It stood on the site of the present University of Edinburgh.\* Its age, and the name of its founder, are now unknown. It was governed by a provost, who, with eight prebendaries and two choristers, composed the college. In the reign of James V. two additional chaplainries were founded; one by James Laing, a burghess of the city, and the other by Janet Kennedy, the Lady Bothwell.† The king's confirmation of the former grant is dated 19th June 1530, and is made "to a chaplain celebrating the Divine service at the high altar within the collegiate church of Blessed Marie in the fields." Mention is made of this church in the charter of Robert, abbat of Holy Rood, who, in 1546, presented George Ker to a prebend "at the altar of Blessed Matthew, within the church of S. Marie."‡ In 1562,

\* MAITLAND; *ut supra*, p. 356. † Caledonia; ii. 763.

‡ SPOTTISWOODE'S Religious Houses.

the magistrates obtained from Queen Mary a grant of the provostry of S. Marie in the fields, with the buildings and ground belonging to it for erecting a school. On the night of the 9th of February 1567, a lone house, near the Kirk of Field, was made the scene of the tragical murder of Lord Darnley. In 1581, the citizens purchased every remaining right in the college from the two last possessors, and immediately began to build a college for education.

This brings us to the end of the first stage of our enquiry into the ecclesiastical Antiquities of Edinburgh. We have now visited in succession the parish and collegiate churches, and their dependent chapelries; and have tried, as we went along, to glean what profit we could from their history, and from the information which saintly annals afforded regarding the holy names which some of them bore. It has been, I trust, a source of much interest to us all; but you will forgive me for again reminding you of some of the important lessons which such studies are meant to teach. We must not imagine that our holy religion suits well the inside of the church on Sunday, but that it can be conveniently left there during the week, and resumed on the follow-

ing Sunday. On the contrary, we are taught by our search into the past, that religion once entered intimately into every concern of life; that the very arrangement of cities was adapted to make its sacred rites daily accessible to the humblest, and that the intention of procuring some spiritual benefit for themselves, or for others, was the principal aim in undertaking pious and charitable works, which the men of old proposed to themselves.

Neither must we in this country despond, and say to ourselves that we have no outward signs and symbols of faith to refresh us as we go about our daily occupations. We are surrounded by them, if we will only open our eyes and look. There are few places in Edinburgh where the castle is not visible, and it is a lasting monument of the blessed end of our patroness S. Margaret. S. Giles' church too is very central, and it speaks eloquently, if we will but listen, of the wonders of sanctity in making men of far distant climes seem as one family. It attests above all the devoted love of our Catholic forefathers to the Blessed Eucharist; and the recollection of its forty altars and its numerous precious vessels shows how dependent upon that great mystery of Christianity the hard-working tradespeople of our

city once felt themselves. For the corporate trades or companies were large benefactors to that church. In the symbolic meaning of old churches, every fragment of them which we possess is richer than I can describe to you ; there is not a carved stone which does not say something which it concerns us to know and remember. S. Cuthbert's church suggests a train of pious associations, connected with the great saint who lived on Holy Island nearly 1200 years ago. And its chapelries, scattered here and there in the neighbourhood, are ever reminding us of some gracious name, or instructive history, by which, if we please to use it, we may recal our thoughts for a little from the hard wearing cares of this rough world, to converse with an order of things more genial and more spiritual. And its old churchyard is a holy field, thickly sown with the seeds of immortality, which were nourished with Sacramental grace, and now expect the resurrection of the flesh. Amidst the busy stir of trade and amusement, it is a sanctuary where calmer and soberer thoughts may be fostered. For, as the poet says,

“ In thoughts of them that slumber by,  
 We seem to feel the judgment nigh ;  
 And from the fellowship that's there,  
 Shrink with a something like despair,—



To think that when we rise again  
We must awake 'mid holy men,  
'Mid those who so could live and die,  
With pure resolve and purpose high,  
As thus to leave for days to come  
A fragrance breathing o'er their tomb." \*

The church of the Holy Trinity, near the North Bridge, in the various and minute particulars of its foundation, and in its own beautiful and solemn architecture, bears witness to the truth that the view of death levels all distinctions, and that for the royal benefactress of God's house, no less than for the humblest, there is no other propitiation for sin than that Unbloody Victim who deigns to be immolated by the hands of the holy priesthood, and for whose honour she desired to found a temple worthy of so august an offering.

Let us not then in future forget all these precious links with past Catholic ages. The men of those times were a rougher and homelier race than we should perhaps like to live among now; but they had at least a gentle devotion, and an honest intention towards God and His saints, which a more refined age will have much to do to equal, and will hardly at all surpass. Unless we cultivate the same loving dispositions toward our invisible friends at the heavenly court, our

\* Baptistery, p. 193.

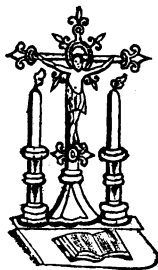
advancement in arts, and knowledge of earthly science, will be small ground for boasting of our superiority to our predecessors. But let us imitate them, and make much of whatever comes in our way to remind us of the world of mystery and of eternity which lies about us. By accustoming ourselves to look back on antiquity, we shall become more recollected, less easily discomposed, humbler, simpler, and more teachable; and we shall learn to value more and more, every day, the rich treasures which are locked up for us in the records of sanctity.

We have as yet only begun our search into antiquity. I hope ere long to invite you to visit the abbeys, and friaries, and convents, and hospitals of the city and its neighbourhood, when our readings on this subject are resumed. Meanwhile, let me thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me, even when the details have been necessarily dry. If one happy recollection of the ancient days has been awakened in your hearts, or one kind thought suggested towards our great and holy predecessors in the faith, let us give glory to God, and thank His goodness for leaving us so many venerable memorials to gladden our hearts on the weary way by which our pilgrim feet are passing onwards, as we trust, to the blissful vision of Himself in heaven. And I

beseech you of your charity to pray that I, who have presumed in my weakness to read lessons to others, from whom it would rather have become me to learn them, may not, as is most likely, be the first to forget them.

“ Now God that is of mythes most,  
 Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,  
 Of owre sowles be fayne !  
 All that hath berde this talkyng,  
 Lytill, moche, old and y yng,  
 Yblyssyd mote they be :  
 God yeve hem grace, whan they shal ende,  
 To hevyn blys here sowles wende,  
 With angelys bryght of ble.  
 Amen pur charite. •

• Legend of Sir Gowghter.



### *ERRATA.*

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Page 25, line 6 from bottom—for *lands*, read  
*lauds*.

Page 127, *Note*—for 1031, read 1631.

Page 108, line 15—for *abbot*, read *abbat*.













